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The Mercury.

THE MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor.

12 THAMES STREET.

NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1858, and is now in its one hundred and forty-third year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, and, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected intelligence and valuable business and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

TERMS: \$2.00 a year in advance. Single copies in wrapper, 6 cents. Extra copies can always be obtained at the office of publication and at the various news rooms in the city. Specimen copies sent free, and special terms given advertisers by addressing the publisher.

Societies Occupying Mercury Hall.

MALONE LODGE No. 95, N. E. O. P., William H. Thomas, Warden; James H. Goddard, Secretary; meets 1st and 3rd Thursday evenings in each month.

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, Richard Gardner, President; Thomas Fieldhouse, Secretary; meets 1st and 3rd Wednesday evenings in each month.

LEWIS LODGE No. 11, K. of P., James F. Bennett, Chancellor; Commander, Robert S. Franklin, Keeper of Records and Seal; meets every Friday evening.

DAVIS DIVISION No. 8, U. R. K. of P., Sir Knight Captain George A. Wilcox; Everett J. Gorton, Recorder; meets first Friday evening in each month.

NEWPORT CANTON No. 767, M. W. A., A. A. Page, Ven. Consul; Charles S. Tucker, Clerk; meets 2nd and 4th Tuesday evenings of each month.

Local Matters.

Child Study.

Last evening (Friday) was given the first of a series of five lectures on the development of the child under the direction of the state board of education. The hall of the Calvert school will be occupied for this course every Friday evening for the next four weeks and as the lectures are open to the public without charge the attendance should be large. The course will, undoubtedly, be of interest to every person who takes thought of the development of children. The lecturer last evening was Miss Abby L. Martlett of the Providence Manual Training School who had for her subject "Physical Development of the Child." The topics for the remaining lectures are as follows:

Friday, March 23—"Intellectual Development of the Child," by Professor H. B. Knox.

Thursday, April 4—"Moral Development of the Child," by Professor C. E. Deming of the Brown University.

Friday, April 12—"Principles of Moral Training," by H. D. Hervey, superintendent of public schools of Pawtucket.

Friday, April 19—"Practical Results of a Child Study," by Isaac O. Winslow, principal of the Federal Street Grammar school, Providence.

Fire Destroys Shed.

Shortly after 9 o'clock Monday evening a still alarm was struck, shortly followed by an alarm from Box 3. For some reason the box number got mixed and struck 32 once or twice. As a consequence part of the apparatus hastened to the old city hall and another part went to Box 32 on Hazard avenue.

The fire was in an old building on Coddington street at the rear of the First Methodist Church on Marlboro street and was burning briskly when the apparatus arrived. The structure was owned by Miss Gertrude A. Penbody and had been unoccupied for some time, being too old to be of any real value. The fire made rapid headway through the dry wood and the building was pretty thoroughly gutted, but the flames did not communicate with the adjoining property.

There was no insurance on the building. The cause of the fire has not yet been definitely decided.

The business meetings of the board of health will hereafter be held on Wednesday evenings. Quite a lengthy session was held last Wednesday evening, being the first of the new board.

Measles and mumps are quite prevalent among the apprentices at the Naval Training Station, and a number of the boys have been removed to the Newport Hospital for treatment.

A number of the friends of Mr. P. H. Morgan gave him a surprise party at his residence on Broadway Monday evening, on the occasion of his birthday.

Mr. H. Hammett, Secretary of Springfield, Mass., who has been the guest of his father, Hon. T. Munford Seabury, has returned to his home.

Work has been begun on the new emergency ward at the Newport Hospital.

Considering Long Wharf.

The Long wharf question was pretty thoroughly thrashed out at a public meeting in the rooms of the Newport Business Men's Association Wednesday evening. The attendance was not very large but those that were present took considerable interest in the question and it was the sense of the meeting that the city council should at once take steps to improve Long wharf. Two engineers, Captain Joseph P. Cotton and Mr. William H. Lawton, both of whom have prepared plans for a widening and improvement of the wharf, were present and explained their plans, and as one plan called for the improvement of the south side and the other for the north side, they afforded ample opportunity for discussion. The number present included business men, city officers, and professional men, all of whom evinced much interest in the project.

The meeting was under the direction of the committee on public improvement of the Business Men's Association. Col. William P. Sheffield, Jr., presided and called the meeting to order. He explained how the question of Long wharf was closely connected with the question of adequate terminal facilities and stated that the longer the matter was delayed the harder it would be of accomplishment.

Mr. William H. Lawton, the civil engineer who drew the plans for the Long wharf commission which was legislated out of office at the beginning of the year, explained the plans that he had drawn and that had met with the approval of the commission. His plan contemplated the improvement of the south side of the wharf by removing the buildings now on that side and constructing a bulkhead which should make a width of 57 feet with a 40 foot roadway. There would be a 6 foot side walk on the north side, an 11 foot side walk on the south side and a promenade along the water front. The estimated cost of the plan is \$13,215. The property that would have to be secured is owned by D. W. Sheehan, Geo. H. Richardson, A. K. Sherman, M. McDougall, Patrick Hunt and Patrick H. Morgan. The grade would be practically the same as now.

Captain J. P. Cotton had prepared plans when the matter was being agitated before and his ideas contemplated the improvement of the north side of the wharf. He thought the grade must be raised in any event. He proposes to construct a 60 foot roadway from just below Thames to Washington street, condemning all the property on the north side and also securing the property on the south side. This plan, he said, would give the railroad a chance to build an accessible depot on the wharf. He was not prepared to give figures of the expense of such an undertaking but said that the assessed valuation of land and buildings was about \$60,000.

A general discussion of the question followed. Mr. Charles E. Hammett believed that as the title to all Long wharf property is so very much in doubt the proper way to straighten it out would be to condemn the land. Judge Baker thought that \$60,000 was a small estimate of the cost of the property on the north side; he believed it would be nearer \$100,000. A number of gentlemen spoke, all of whom were in favor of the project. A few believed that the south side would be the side to improve, but the majority seemed to be in favor of wiping out the old buildings on the north.

At the conclusion of the remarks it was voted to be the sense of the meeting that the city council should inaugurate a movement for the improvement of Long wharf.

"The Ladies of Cranford" was given in the Channing Parlor's Thursday evening by members of the Helping Hand Society of the church. Notwithstanding the severe storm the audience was fairly good and the performance may be considered a success.

On Sunday evening, March 31st, the two lodges of Odd Fellows in this city, Rhode Island, No. 12, and Excelsior, No. 49, will attend church at the Thames Street M. E. church, at the invitation of the pastor, Rev. C. H. Smith.

The quarterly meeting of the Methodist Social Union will be held with the Portsmouth church on Monday evening next. The meeting was to have been held last Thursday evening, but the storm caused postponement.

The storm Wednesday and Thursday brought some much needed rain but the quantity needed would mean a very wet spring. The amount of water that has fallen hardly makes an impression on the ponds.

Funeral services for the late Crohne D. Curran, who died on Friday of last week, were held from his late residence on Bath road, Sunday afternoon, and were attended by the various societies of which he was a member.

Police Officer Crowley has been confined to his home by illness.

N. E. Order of Protection.

The annual meeting of this organization was held in Providence on Wednesday, Grand Warden Charles S. Goddard of this city presiding. The reports of the Grand Warden and other grand officers were read, showing the Order to be in a most flourishing condition. From the report of the Grand Secretary it was shown that the Order has made the remarkable gain of 14 per cent. the past year. The net gain in members was 172, making the membership in the State 1482, January 1st, carrying \$2,289,000 insurance, an increase of \$23,000 over the past year. Since then enough members have been added to bring the number up to fifteen hundred. During the past year 20 deaths occurred, carrying \$27,000 insurance. One new lodge was instituted the past year at Central Falls, Little Boxby Lodge, No. 364.

The officers for the ensuing year are:

Grand Warden—Alfred E. Henry, of Providence.

Grand Vice Warden—Robert W. Sydnor, of Pawtucket.

Grand Secretary—Charles H. Mathewson, of Providence.

Grand Treasurer—Alonso E. Pierce, of Pawtucket.

Grand Chaplain—Jennie B. Weeks, of Providence.

Grand Guide—Silas E. Weller, of Auburn.

Grand Guardian—John A. Haslam, of Providence.

Grand Sentinel—David F. Sherwood, of Providence.

Grand Trustees—Amos R. Smith, of Providence; Imogene T. Polsey, of Pawtucket; Albert E. Franklin, of Auburn.

Supreme Representative, life membership—Charles S. Goddard, of Newport.

Supreme Representative for two years—William F. Worrell, of Woonsocket.

Alternate—Iduna Cole, of Providence.

Junior Past Grand Warden—Charles S. Goddard, of Newport.

Grand Warden Charles S. Goddard presented, in behalf of the Grand Lodge, a Past Grand Warden's badge to Past Grand Warden William M. Lee.

At the close of the meeting a Past Grand Warden's jewel was presented to the retiring Grand Warden, Charles S. Goddard.

Grand Warden Goddard presented the grand lodge two handsome gavels and a baton made from old oak taken from the timber of the Seventh Day Baptist church in Newport, built in 1729. He also presented another set of gavels and baton made from the same material to be given as a prize to the lodge making the largest net gain in membership in the next six months. These donations were received with a vote of thanks to the generous donor.

The school committee and the special committee from the city council met Monday evening to consider the addition to the Townsend Industrial School. The sum of \$18,000 will be expended in order to take advantage of the Coles' bequest for a chair of natural science. A sub-committee from the school board, consisting of Messrs. Bachelder, Stevens, Cottrell, Shellfield, and Perry was appointed and Councilman Ward was elected chairman of the joint committee from the city council and the school board. The committee voted to accept the plans of Andrews & Withers for the addition.

The curve of the street railway in front of the city hall has given much trouble this spring by frequent interruptions to the cars at frequent intervals. Last Sunday evening a car of the Island road left the rails at that point and, thanks to the advice of a large number of people who gathered there, was replaced on the rails within a few hours. Men have been engaged in repairing this spot this week and no more trouble is anticipated. When a car left the rails the relief gang could generally discover its location by the trolley pole sticking up through the mud.

"Sunset Ridge," on Ridge road, the property of Hon. Seth Low, will be sold at public auction in New York some time next month. The property is a valuable one, located on a pleasant spot, and is taxed for \$50,000. During the life of the late A. A. Low, who built the residence, it was occupied every season, but his son, Hon. Seth Low, has never occupied it, renting the property when opportunity offered.

Quite a delegation from Newport attended the St. Patrick's Day celebration in Fall River last Saturday afternoon. A detachment of regulars from Fort Adams, without arms, and the Robert Emmet Guards of this city marched in the parade.

The members of the new board of health, elected at the recent meeting of the city council, have qualified. The board organized last Saturday evening by the election of Dr. Christopher F. Barker as chairman and Dr. S. Parker Cottrell as secretary.

Wednesday was the twentieth day of March, the first day of spring, and the bells were rung at six o'clock for the first time. Two weeks from tomorrow will be Easter Sunday. Summer will be upon us before we know it.

Mrs. Philip S. Taggart and family have returned to New York.

Recent Deaths.

Professor Alonso Williams.

After an illness of many weeks, Professor Alonso Williams of Brown University died at his home in Providence on Saturday last. He was born in the town of Foster in 1812 and was entirely a self-made man. His early education was obtained at such times as was possible while he performed his work as a mill operative. He volunteered for the civil war as a private, returned as a lieutenant, and immediately resumed his studies, graduating from East Greenwich Academy and later from Brown University. He was for five years professor of Greek, Latin and German at the Friends' School and since 1876 he had filled a professorship at Brown University.

Professor Williams has held many important positions in various organizations and institutions. He was an eloquent speaker and was presiding officer at many gatherings. He was prominent in politics and in affairs of the Grand Army, having been commander of the Department of Rhode Island and having filled various offices in the National Encampment.

He leaves a widow and three children, one of whom, Captain Alonso Roger Williams, served as first lieutenant in the Rhode Island Regiment in the war with Spain.

Henry R. Barker.

Ex-Mayor Henry R. Barker of Providence, whose sudden death at his home on Sunday last surprised and pained his many friends, was a son of the late William C. Barker, a native of this city. The family had figured in Rhode Island affairs since the settlement of the colony, having first appeared in Newport in 1639. Mr. Barker had served two terms as mayor of Providence and several terms in the board of aldermen and common council, having been president of each board. He was president of the Providence Mutual Insurance Company and was a prominent Mason and a veteran of the civil war.

John Feeney.

In the death of John Feeney, which occurred last Saturday evening at his home on Lee avenue, Newport loses one of her staunchest friends among the Irish-Americans of this city. While ever faithful to his native land, he was ever a devoted adherent to the principles of his adopted country. He had many acquaintances, and, with him, acquaintance was quick to ripen into friendship. Kind and loyal to his friends, devoted to his family, attentive and painstaking at his work, Mr. Feeney had all the qualities which go to make an honored citizen.

Death came as a severe shock to his many friends. He had been seriously ill but a few days, but his health had not been good for a considerable time. Mr. Feeney was born in Ireland, but by far the greater part of his life had been spent in this city, whither he had come at an early age. He was a gardener by trade and was employed in that capacity by Thomas Galvin for over 40 years. He was a member of Court Pride of the City, F. of A. He leaves a widow and five children.

Funeral services were held at his late residence Monday morning, and at St. Mary's church a high mass of requiem was held for the repose of his soul. The services were attended by a large number of relatives and friends and by Court Pride of the City, Foresters of America.

Mrs. Stephen B. Congdon.

Mrs. Sarah S. Congdon died at her residence in Middletown on Tuesday. She had been ill for some time but was thought to be on the road to recovery. A sudden turn for the worse resulted in her death. Mrs. Congdon was a most estimable woman and had many friends, both in this city and among the residents of the Island. She was the wife of Mr. Stephen B. Congdon.

Funeral services were held at her husband's residence in Alley road yesterday afternoon and were attended by a large number of relatives and friends.

Dr. William F. Channing.

Dr. William F. Channing, a son of the late Dr. William Ellery Channing died in Boston on Tuesday afternoon. He was born in Boston about 51 years ago.

Although a physician by profession, Dr. Channing never practiced medicine; but the field of invention has been greatly enriched by his life work. He it was who invented the fire alarm telegraph, the marine railway, and a score of appliances for use in medical electricity. He wrote the first books ever published on medical electricity, and spent much time in experimentation in this line. The hand-receiver for the telephone, now in general use, was his invention, the Bell Company having brought it from him.

During the abolition movement Dr. Channing was a leader among the agitators, and stood shoulder to shoulder in prominent participation with Charles Sumner, Wendell Phillips, William Lloyd Garrison and others.

Dr. Channing formerly spent his

summers on this island, owning a residence on Easton's Point. He also owned the farm "Oaklawn" in Portsmouth.

Philip S. Taggart.

Mr. Philip S. Taggart died suddenly at the residence of his son-in-law, Dr. Wendell C. Phillips in New York last Saturday. His death came as a great shock to his family. Mr. Taggart was born in this city in 1829, and passed his early years here, but his business interests were all in New York. He owned a summer residence here, "Mapleside" on Broadway, and has spent his summers here since his retirement from business in 1877. He was twice married, and a widow and two daughters, Mrs. Wendell C. Phillips and Miss Alice Taggart, survive him.

Mr. Taggart's business life was a successful one. His first New York experience was in the employ of E. T. Telft & Co. In 1862, he became a member of the firm of Perry, Taggart & Kellogg, silk goods and trimmings. He later had business interests in the firms of Wertz, Hartley & Co., Telft, Griswold & Kellogg, and J. M. Wertz & Co. He withdrew from the last named firm in 1877, and retired from active business.

The remains were brought to this city for interment and funeral services were held from his late residence on Broadway Tuesday morning. Rev. Edward Judson, D. D., of New York officiated. The interment was in the Island Cemetery.

High Art in Millinery.

The near approach of spring and Easter is noticeable when one sees the preparations that are being made in the millinery line. Preparations under way at the well-known Queen Anne Millinery Establishment promise to give one a pleasant surprise at their exhibit which is to take place on Wednesday and Thursday next, March 27 and 28, this inaugurating the opening of Spring fashions. Those who have dealt at Schreiber's for years need no guarantee that they lay in this line, and those who have never visited this house will find it a rare treat to do so. It is but just to say that every department is usually stocked with a variety of novelties, and their exquisite taste in the get up of hats and toques and their painstaking care that the work be of the best, have gained for them a reputation for reliability. No doubt the opening day will attract a large crowd; especially those who are judges of high art in millinery.

Charles Peter Clark, formerly president of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad, died in Nice, whither he had gone for the benefit of his health, on Thursday. He was a trifle over 60 years of age. He was a native of New Hampshire and studied at Dartmouth College, receiving an honorary degree from that institution. During the civil war he served as an officer in the Navy. In his railway life he had been connected with the Boston, Hartford & Erie, the New York & New England, and the New York, New Haven & Hartford, being president of the last named road for 13 years. He resigned the presidency last year owing to poor health.

Col. Charles C. Frye of Lynn, Past Grand Commander of the Grand Commandery of Knights Templars of Massachusetts and Rhode Island, died at his home Thursday after a brief illness, cause pneumonia following the grip. He was well known in this city.

Coronet Council No. 63, Royal Arcanum, prepared an interesting programme for its meeting last evening, when the 3rd anniversary of its institution was observed. The entertainment was held in Odd Fellows Hall.

The St. Patrick's night entertainment in St. Mary's hall last Sunday evening was attended by an unusually large number of persons, and a very creditable entertainment was given.

The Newport Co-operative Association for Saving and Building has decided to ask permission to increase its capital stock from \$200,000 to \$300,000.

Extensive repairs and alterations are being made to the organ of the United Congregational Church.

Election of Officers.

Newport Historical Society.

President—V. Matt Francis.
Vice Presidents—George Gordon King, Hamilton B. Thompson.
Recording Secretary—Robert S. Franklin.
Corresponding Secretary—George H. Nicholson.
Treasurer and Curator—R. Hammett Tibbels.
Curator of Coins and Metals—E. P. Robinson.
Directors—W. W. Sherman, A. O. Taylor, F. C. L. Simmons, Daniel R. Fearling, and the officers of the society.

Real Estate Sales and Rentals.

D. B. Fearing has rented his villa on the easterly side of Annandale road to William G. Roelker of Providence for the coming season.

Island Cemetery Meeting.

The stockholders of the Island Cemetery Corporation held their annual meeting in the senate chamber of the old state house Monday evening. The attendance was unusually large. President William B. Sherman presided.

The financial report for the year was as follows:

Balance from last report,	\$6,488.82
Received for lots sold (\$1,500),	2,155.00
Received for labor,	5,010.11
Received for material,	1,740.35
Received for interest,	1,144.54
Total,	\$17,538.82
Balance to new account,	\$0,248.75
Paid, annual meeting,	\$1.95
Paid, stationery and stamps,	\$1.70
Paid, salaries,	1,550.00
Paid, labor,	1,492.07
Paid, material,	1,431.71
Balance,	9,843.73
Total,	\$17,538.82

The annual report of the trustees mentioned a number of repairs and improvements made during the year and stated that many new lots have been added to the number already under the care of the company.

The terms of Messrs. Henry C. Stevens, Philip Rider, and George W. Swinburn as members of the board of trustees having expired, they were re-elected for three years.

Middletown.

COURT OF PROBATE.—The regular session of the Court of Probate was held on Monday when the will of John C. Bancroft was proved and ordered recorded, and letters testamentary on his estate were granted to William F. Purnum of Boston and Wilder D. Bancroft of Ithaca, N. Y., as executors, who were required to give their personal bond in the sum of \$200,000.00. Charles H. Keene, Jr., Clarence Greason and William Williams of Newport were appointed appraisers. The proponents of the will were represented by Col. E. H. Honey of Newport. The will having been drawn and executed in Boston on the third day of January last, Stoughton Bell of that city was present as one of the subscribing witnesses thereto and gave evidence to establish its probate.

1st Towns' Counsel.—The account with the town tax and poll tax assessed in 1899, presented by Joel Peckham, Collector, was examined, verified and ordered on file.

It was voted to submit to the electors at the annual town meeting to be held on April 3, two propositions in relation to the repair and improvement of the highways, the first appropriating \$1400 for ordinary repairs and the second appropriating \$5,000 for stone roads. Those being identical to the propositions submitted in 1899 and 1900. The recent thaw has broken up the roads to a large extent and there is an immediate and imperative demand for a considerable outlay in many instances in order to render some of the highways suitable and safe for public travel.

Accounts were presented and allowed as follows:

John H. Spooner, surveyor of Road District No. 1, for repairs, \$17.50; for shovelling snow, \$1.20; C. Henry Congdon, Surveyor of Road District No. 2, for repairs \$63.85; for cleaning snow from gutters \$28.90; Joel Peckham for services as Superintendent of Schools and Clerk to Public School Committee, \$104; accounts for the relief of the Poor, \$35.50; miscellaneous accounts, \$14.06; orders on the dog fund were granted to Albert A. Wilbur of Newport, Benjamin W. H. Peckham and Joseph L. Deters of Middletown, in payment of damages done by dogs. Wilbur's whole claim was \$38.50 and is chargeable to the joint fund of Newport, Middletown and Portsmouth. The claim of B. W. H. Peckham amounted to \$8.90 and that of J. L. Deters to \$11.20.

On Monday next, the dog fund is divisible among those holding orders thereon as provided in the special law applicable to the townships Rhode Island and persons having such orders can obtain checks for the proportional part payable from Middletown's fund, by applying to the Town Treasurer.

The town council will hold a session as a Board of Canvassers at the Town Hall on next Friday afternoon at two p. m.

Portsmouth.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Church are preparing to move from this place and will take up their residence in Tiverton.

Mr. Earl H. Peckham has accepted the position as bookkeeper at G. A. Wyatt's store.

Miss Annie T. Freeborn of this place and Mr. A. Tucker, of South Kings-town, were married at the Friends' parsonage Saturday evening. The ceremony was performed by Osborne Hoffman, the minister in charge.

Jamestown.

A cargo of fertilizers for Amos Peckham arrived at Ferry wharf recently on steamer Notter.

Mr. John E. Hammond was in Newport last week, where he went to have an operation performed on his jaw by Dr. Davis.

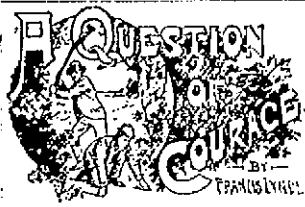
William Barber is on the road to recovery, after a serious illness.

Mr. William Williams purchased at private sale Monday the building belonging to Mr. David Gordon, situated on Ferry wharf. The property was advertised to be sold at sheriff's sale Monday at 12.30. When the crowd had gathered to bid they learned it had been disposed of.

Mr. Gideon Mitchell caught two barrels of codfish in his trawl last Sunday.

Mr. Wilton S. Arnold has been appointed keeper of Seacoast light.

Mr. A. W. Luther was in town the past week.



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XI.

THE BUILDING OF A STAIR.

Good resolutions, backed by whatever plea of advisability or necessity, are not always certain to bear fruit after their kind. When Ringbrand flung himself down beside the log to wait for the dawn, he fully intended keeping awake in order to take advantage of the earliest light for the beginning of the new endeavor. So ran the alert determination; but he who watches may not lie quietly with closed eyes, and when Ringbrand sprang to his feet out of a sound sleep the morning was far advanced.

Reproaching himself remorsefully for his want of vigilance, he recalled the details of the plan which had suggested itself in the night, and went immediately to work. He first ascertained half the length of the log by measuring it with the rope, and with the dimension thus obtained he gauged the varying width of the cavern until he found a point where the walls approached each other so nearly as to make the intervening space correspond exactly with his measurement.

The next step was to cut the log into two pieces of equal length, and, dragging it out into the better light under the aperture, he narrowly missed throwing it down upon another package of food similar to the one found. In the same spot on the previous morning. It was a welcome surprise, and he stopped work long enough to devour the hard corn-bread and greasy bacon, thinking that the delectable breakfast ever brought him by the well-trained waiter in the grill-room of his New York club had not been eaten with a keener relish.

"It must be the woman," he soliloquized; "it can't be anyone else; and if these fellows have put their devilish plot in motion I'll get no more rations from that source, because they were to send her away to-day. After all, though, I don't know as it makes much differ-



ence; if another night finds me still in this hole I shan't care much what becomes of me."

Putting the shadow of despondency into words had the effect of defining it, and he shook it off resolutely. "That'll never do; there must be no ifs ands and about its. I've just got to get out of here while this daylight lasts."

He swallowed the last mouthful of bread and fell to work again, beginning to cut a groove around the middle of the log by incessant and careful strokes of the pick. In turning the piece of timber, he saw where the mountaineer's shot had plowed a deep furrow in it, and he knew then that the bruise on his arm had been made by the glancing and half-spent bullet. He scarcely heeded the grim reminder, and as he bent patiently to his work he thought how quickly the school of privation and hardship begins to impress its lessons of indifference upon the mind.

There are many things easier of accomplishment than the cutting in two of a six-inch stick of tough oak with the dull point of a pick as a substitute for an ax; and the muscles of Ringbrand's back and arms were in painful rebellion, and his hands were sore and blistered, long before the thing was done. As a college man, he had been rather fond of athletics, and the training of the university gymnasium, reaching up through the overlying years of secondary habit, gave him the power of endurance and enabled him to keep steadily at work in spite of the protests of back and arms and hands; but this did not lessen the acuteness of the pain, nor did it dull the keen agony of apprehension that seized upon him as he saw how slowly the cutting progressed. Notwithstanding his perseverance and the feverish energy with which he worked, the hands of his watch marked the hour of noon when the last remaining fibers of the wood gave way under the blows of the pick, and, stopping only long enough to get a drink of water from the pool, he carried the pieces to the point determined by the measurement with the rope, and began to fit one of them breast-high between the vertical walls as the first round of his ladder.

"By Jove! talk about special providence—what chance would I have if this bit of timber hadn't tumbled down here?" It was a comfort to think aloud in the dead silence of the place. "Now, if I can wedge this so it will hold me—" A half-dozen trials went for nothing, and he sat down to worry it out in theory. "It's too long—that's what's the matter with it; but if I cut it off it

may be too short for the next place; and that won't do. Let me see; I wonder if I couldn't dig a little step for the lower end."

He was on his feet again in a moment, picking a shallow hole in the soft sandstone. The expedient answered the purpose, and when the log was adjusted he tried it, first by ladders and then by climbing up and jumping upon it. It held, and he forgot his aches and pains in the exultant joy of success.

"That demonstrates it! If I can fit one, I can fit the others. And I'll get the hang of it presently, so I can work faster. It oughtn't to take more than six of these to carry me to the top; six, or possibly seven"—scanning the cleft above him—"and I've got five hours or such a matter to do it in. At that rate I'll be dark when I get back to Ludlow's; but that won't matter. An hour will give me all the time I want at Tom's, and we can figure safely up to ten o'clock." Then the folly of planning so far ahead while he was still in a prison that for two days and a half had resisted all his efforts to break it struck him like the rebuke of a task-master, and he slid down from the log with a mild imprecation pointed at his own vagaries. "That's just like me," he muttered, "sending my imagination across the river before the bridge is even planned. Work is the word, you speculative idiot! Do you hear that? Work!"

To his great astonishment, the word seemed to bring an answer from the upper world, and he ran to the other end of the cavern to listen. The hallo was repeated, and he answered it with all the strength of his lungs; once again he heard the cry, but this time it was fainter, and after that the silence was undisturbed. Alive to the importance of utilizing every moment of time, Ringbrand returned to his work; but the exploring glimmer of the hope raised by the answering shout left a feeling of depression which would have unmanned him had he known that one of the searching miners had actually looked down into the cavern at the moment when he was climbing down from the first step of his problematical stair.

Fitting the first round of the ladder from the solid standing ground offered by the bottom of the cave was much easier than the adjustment of the second, but Ringbrand had his plans well thought out now, and he worked carefully and methodically, saving the precious moments in every possible way. Climbing to a seat upon the round already placed, he hoisted the other piece of wood after him by means of the rope; and, balancing upon the precarious footing, he succeeded after many cautious trials in hewing out a resting place for the second step in his stairway. With the fixing of this round, however, the difficulties immediately doubled, because the subsequent steps must be fitted each from the slight scaffolding afforded by the other. Making a final trip to the floor of the cavern, Ringbrand tied one end of the rope to the pick, and, carrying the other end with him, he ascended and fastened it to the first piece of wood. Then, climbing to the second, he repeated the former operation, dislodging the lower round by gentle upward blows with the swinging pick and drawing it up until he could grasp and raise it to a point still higher in the cavern. The plan was completely successful, but its slow progress consumed the time remorselessly, and the strain of work and anxiety began to tell upon him. He fought desperately against the rising fever of impatience, knowing well enough that everything now depended upon his ability to go on with persistent determination and with steady hands. As he neared the roof of the cavern, where the shadows were deeper, the difficulty of placing the cross-pieces increased so greatly that he grew faint and dizzy with lifting and reaching; and while he was raising the last step in the stair to its place between the walls, he suddenly became blind and tremulous, the heavy log slipped from his hands and went crashing to the bottom of the chasm, and a second afterward he lost his balance and followed it, catching frantically at the uneven walls as he slid back to the sandy floor.

The sharpest discouragement is sometimes a blessing in disguise. The shock of the fall and the apparent failure of his carefully laid plan seemed to inspire Ringbrand with an energy born of despair. Struggling to his feet, and gathering new courage from the thought that the other end of the rope was still fastened to the remaining round in the upper shadows, he lashed the stick that had fallen to the end to which the pick was attached, and climbed once more to the perch in the twilight under the roof. Fired with an enthusiasm which banished all thought of fatigue, he soon had the swaying log in his grasp again, and after a moment of critical poising the last step was wedged into its place and driven securely home by a few blows with the pick. Without waiting to test its stability, he swung up to the frail staging, drew the pick up after him, and balanced himself for the attack upon the roof. Just at this juncture the thought suddenly came to him that he had built his ladder upon the mere supposition that the roof was assailable, and an awful fear that instead of yielding earth he might encounter a huge boulder almost unnered him. There was no time for hesitation, however, and, summoning all his strength, he swung the pick upward, giving a glad cry of relief and a hearty "Thank God!" when the iron tore a great hole through the thin covering, bringing down a shower of earth and pebbles upon him, and letting the blessed light of day into the gloomy shadows of the pit.

A minute later he was standing, brimmed and breathless, but heart whole and thankful, upon the firm turf of the mountain top; and, pausing only long enough to get his bearings, he set off at a quick trot toward Tregarten, taking a straight course through the forest and keeping the direction by the red glow of the sunset.

XII.

A VALANCOUS COWARD.

The leader of the unsuccessful party of searchers was just finishing his supper, in the intervals of which delayed meal he had been giving his wife a detailed narration of the events of the

day. "And now I suppose I've got to go and put in the night at the Mc-Kabb's," he added. "These raids have got to be stopped, if—"

Mrs. Ludlow held up a warning finger. "I thought that was our gate," she said, and presently they both heard the quick nervous tread of some one coming up the gravel walk. Then there was a step on the veranda, and before either of them could rise a grimy apparition appeared at the door of the dining-room. Ludlow sprang to his feet with an exclamation of glad surprise.

"By Jove, old fellow, but you did give me a turn!" he exclaimed, grasping the apparition's hand and wringing it heartily. "I thought it was your ghost—I did, for a fact; and I believe the small madam thinks so yet.—Helen, dear, wake up and allow me to introduce Mr. Ringbrand!"

Mrs. Ludlow rose unsteadily and ran up, laughing and crying in the same breath. "You foolish man!" she said, pushing her husband aside impetuously, "can't you see that Hugh's nearly dead?—and you stand there making your miserable jokes! Why don't you run for the doctor, quick!"

In spite of the careful reserve which was weighing him down like a nightmare, Ringbrand dropped into the nearest chair and laughed till the tears cut little channels through the grim on his cheeks. "You mustn't mind me," he said, as soon as he could speak; "I haven't laughed for three whole days, and it sounds so good and homelike to hear you talk again. I don't want a doctor, Tom!—Ludlow was edging toward the hatrack—I need soap and water and something to eat. Mrs. Ludlow, I'm your guest, and I've lost ten consecutive meals. Please have Aunt Mima put the whole ten of them on the table, and I'll devour them when I've washed off a little of this varmint."

Mrs. Ludlow vanished in the direction of the kitchen, and Ringbrand rose and grasped his friend's arm. "Tom, you come upstairs with me while I clean up a bit, and I'll tell you what I can. There's work out for both of us to-night, with not any too much time to spare."

Ludlow followed him upstairs, asking: "Shall I turn on the water in the bathroom for you?"

"No; there isn't time for that; but you may open those valves and get me a whole clean outfit—the black suit with the cutaway will do."

He got out of his soiled clothing hurriedly, throwing the different articles all about the trim room and hastily recounting the story of his capture, imprisonment and escape, and concluded by giving an outline of the plot against the Latimers as set forth in the conversation between the two men in the cave.

"Great heavens! but it's lucky you overheard that talk," ejaculated Ludlow, pausing in his aimless search among the contents of the traveling-bags.

"It's something more than luck, Tom," replied Ringbrand, sluicing his face in the basin; "it's Providence, or else I shouldn't be here to tell about it."

"Have you thought of any plan to checkmate the scoundrels?" "I have, and it needs your help. As soon as I've had something to eat we'll drive up to 'The Laurels,' and then you can take the first opportunity that offers to get the colonel by himself while you tell him about it. He can tell Henry quietly, and there'll be no need of alarming Miss Hester. After she has gone to bed we'll hold a council of war, put out the lights, and dispose our forces so as to give the Bynums a warm welcome when they come; they'll not make the attempt much before midnight, and we will have plenty of time to get ready for them."

"Haden't we better take a few of the men with us—the Bynum boys'll fight like devils when they find themselves cornered."

"I think it won't be necessary—can't you find that suit? You see, there'll be four of us, and if you can manage to capture the one who is to hold the horses, I think the colonel and Henry and myself will be good for the other two. I had thought of suggesting something like this: They will leave the horses in the grove at the left of the avenue, and you can post yourself where you can slip up undisturbed to surprise your man. Then the others will proceed to fire the house—probably at the front, retreating to the cover of the clump of laurels to await developments. For the sake of having a clear case of arson against them, I thought it would be best to wait until they had actually started the fire, and while they are doing this I can get behind the laurels and the colonel and Henry can prepare to cover the men with their rifles as they retreat. At the proper moment I can show myself and demand a surrender, and we'll have them pretty well surrounded."

Ludlow rose from his knees and proceeded to dump the contents of the valises upon the bed, whistling softly to himself as he did so. "The scheme's as clear as diluted daylight, and it's worthy of a graduate of Scotland Yard," he said. "There's only one point that's a little misty; you've given yourself a part that'll ask for a heap of downright cold-blooded nerve, Hugh. What have you done with your respected traditions of inherent cowardice, and the like?"

"Left them in the hole up on the mountain, I hope," replied Ringbrand, struggling into the clothing handed him by Ludlow. "Anyway, that's just what I want to find out. On two occasions within the last three days I have managed to scare up courage enough to stand up to danger like a man, but the conditions were such as would have made a rabbit turn and fight. What I want to know now is if the inspiration were merely an exaggeration of the instinct of self-defense, or if I really did gain a victory."

"Well, you're certainly in a fair way to settle the question if you carry out your programme. Has it occurred to you that your calm demand will probably be answered with a couple of rifle balls?"

"I've thought of that, but I mean to take the chances—if I don't weaken and make a failure of the whole affair."

Ringbrand completed his hasty toilet, and they went down to the din-

ing-room, where Mrs. Ludlow was waiting to serve the returned wanderer. He took his accustomed place and made a ravenous onslaught upon the hastily prepared supper that astonished and gratified the sympathizing hostess. "How dreadfully hungry you were!" she said, calling Aunt Mima to replenish the empty bread-plate. "Haven't you had anything to eat all these days?" "Not very much, I'll tell you all about it the first chance I get."

"Are you going away to-night?" she asked, when Ludlow went out to hitch up the horse.

"Yes; we are going up to 'The Laurels,' and it may be late before we get back."

"I'm so glad! If you're going there, I'll be good and not ask a single question—until to-morrow."

"Why are you glad?"

"Because Hester is worried, and I want her to know you are alive and well."

They heard Ludlow drive out to the gate, and Ringbrand pushed back his chair. "Have you anything else to tell me?" he asked.

She shook her head with precise energy. "Not a single solitary word—except that you're to give my love to Hester."

"I'll certainly do that," he promised. "Good night." And he ran down the walk and sprang into the phaeton beside Ludlow, who drove off rapidly up the mountain road.

The colonel and his son were sitting on the veranda when the phaeton turned into the avenue, and Hester, grieving silently in the darkness of her room, heard Ringbrand's voice answering the hearty welcome of her father. She ran to the stairway, stopped a moment to regain her self-control, and then went down to meet him. They had all gone into the parlor, and when she followed them Hester felt for a swift instant that the whole world might read her secret in her face. Ringbrand rose to meet her, and took her extended hand in both of his. "I told you good-by for some purpose after all, didn't I, Miss Hester?" he said, smiling.

"I should think you did," she answered, reproachfully. "Where in the world have you been? And what makes you look so thin and pale?"

"I tumbled into a hole on the mountain," he explained, and, leading her to a chair, he seated himself beside her and recounted his adventures, carefully suppressing all mention of the Bynums, and leaving her to suppose that he had simply met with an accident.

"I should think you would have been starved almost to death," she said, pityingly. "How was it that some of the men didn't find you?"

Ringbrand had heard nothing of the search party, and she told him of the efforts that had been made to find out what had become of him. When she told how the men had scoured the plateau, shouting, he remembered the cry that had reached him just as he had placed the first round of the ladder, and he held her attention with a graphic description of the sudden hope and its disappointment, while Ludlow took the colonel aside and told him of the intended attack. Ringbrand saw the look of grim determination come into the eyes of the elder Latimer, and a moment later Ludlow came over and began to talk to Hester, while the colonel and his son left the room. When they came back the conversation became general, and Ringbrand was glad of this, for he felt that the one thing impossible under the circumstances was a tete-a-tete with Hester.

After a little, the colonel suggested to his daughter that she retire, adding that they had a little matter of business to talk about that would keep them up awhile longer. She went willingly enough, being in a beatific frame of mind which would have made her obedient to a much more unreasonable request, and when they heard the door of her room close behind her they drew their chairs together, and Ringbrand gave a rapid outline of his plan for the capture of the marauders.

Upon hearing it, Col. Latimer demurred at once because of the danger attending Ringbrand's part in the undertaking; but he acquiesced finally when Ludlow added the weight of his advice, and the young man glanced gratefully at his friend for the timely assistance. When the details were arranged, and Ringbrand had appealed to Henry not to fire unless it became plainly necessary, the colonel spoke again: "In that conversation in the cave, Mr. Ringbrand, did you happen to hear anything that might throw any light on this?"—handing a soiled and greasy note to the young man.

Ringbrand unfolded it and spelled out the contents penciled in crabbed characters scrawled irregularly across the sheet.

"dere Mis ester," it ran, "hail must be a heap better of you loud not to stay on the mounting two nite spose you go down T Ludlow for a spel yare friend."

"Where did this come from?" he asked.

"That's what's a-puzzlin' us. Hester found it wrapped round a piece of flint rock lyin' on the floor of her room this afternoon, and she reckoned somebody'd throw it in at the window."

"I think I know who wrote it," said Ringbrand, reflectively, recalling the words of the conspirators. "One of them asked: 'How about the girl?' and the other replied: 'Neckn't mind about her; she'll look out for herself,' and then he added: 'I shouldn't wonder if Jed would be glad enough to take care of her if she'd allow it.' Jed is the one who will hold the horses, I believe."

"Blame his cursed impudence!" exclaimed the colonel, blushing up wrathfully. "What right has he got to be thinkin' about my Hester?"

"Not the least bit in the world, colonel," replied Ludlow, good-naturedly; "but don't let us forget that he had enough humanity in him to send this note; he knew quite well that he did it at the risk of his neck, and it's the first decent thing I ever knew one of them to do."

Ringbrand looked at his watch. "I think we'd better be taking our places, gentlemen," he said. "They set no time, but we had best be ready for them."

Henry extinguished the light, and the four men filed noiselessly out of the house to their several stations. The

(CONTINUED ON THIRD PAGE.)

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THE MAN WITH THE GUN.

He is down here in Maine looking after some fun—
This man from the city—this man with the gun.
His rifle is new, his experience, too,
There are things about shooting this man
He'd miss a brick house, sir, one time out of three;
But will he believe it? Great Caesar, not he!

But though he's erratic while shooting at game,
Gets rattled, confounded, goes wild in his aim,
His shot is horrid, his soul without fear
When he puts the poor victim he takes for a deer.

If you're out in the woods and you see him,
O run,
And yell like the deuce at this man with the gun.

His vision's short-sighted, yet little he reckons
As he snoots in the woods with his gog-
gling eye,
For he'll bag at a bush that is brushed by the breeze,
For he'll pop at a flicker afar 'mong the trees;

And the man that's "still-hunting" in some dark ravine
Will get the whole dose of our friend's magazine.
He'll look at the corpse with a sub and a tear
And whisper: "Excuse me; I thought 'twas a deer."

O, yell like the blazes as if you'd been skinned
When you think you observe this "ere man with the gun.

He pulls at a noise ere a thing is in view.
He's almighty sorry to find it is you.
He says at the inquest he thought 'twas a bear.
Though that doesn't comfort a widow and heir.

He expresses regrets, leaves a card with his name,
Goes cheerfully off without feeling to blame.
'Twas awkward, bah Jove, that he gave you the juice,
But you shouldn't have acted so much like a moose.

It's a curious thing—yes, it's decidedly queer—
How he took that poor, blood-spotted chap for more fun;
O run, he is coming, this man with the gun!
—Holman F. Day, in Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

A VISION

By Mrs. Chas. C. Marble.

JAMES MEREDITH could remember the time when he had had aspirations and ambitions like other men; when, as in a glass dorky, he saw himself honored, respected and prosperous; when he saw a woman by his side flushed with joy and health—a wife blessed with his loving care, fitted to her proud position.

To-day, in the glass upon which his eyes were fastened, he saw none of these. Instead, came a picture of poverty, very nearly want; a pale, unhappy wife and mother; children ill clothed, reared amid unwholesome surroundings; a man upon whose intelligent face were indelibly stamped the fatal marks of a debased appetite.

The first fair picture he had seen with youthful eyes in the mirror of the future. To-day, he saw that other in the bottom of the glass from which he had drained his last potato.

Another week of labor done, the wages in his pocket, and so on his way home he had, as was his custom, dropped in to have a "social glass" or two with several of his coworkers, and to also pay the last week's reckoning.

"Be sure and come around to-night, boys," said the cheery bar tender. "Saturday night is the night for good cheer, you know. I can promise you all a good time."

"I don't know," said James Meredith, moodily counting his greatly diminished wages. "I don't know what we would do without such places as Jones' in which to drown care. With good company, plenty of liquor and tobacco, a workman can get a little comfort out of life, and forget awhile his miseries."

"That's so," emphatically responded his companions, "let's have another drink!" after which each departed his several way.

"More reproaches," inwardly commented James Meredith. "I have less money than usual this week, and I'll need some of this for to-night's spree. It's a dog's life anyway, without having to hear a wife's complaints and tears." And thus moodily thinking he neared his home.

The voices of his own little ones struck upon his ear, and for some strange reason arrested the father's steps.

"Now, you be mamma," the boy was saying to his little sister, "and I'll be father."

"Yes," replied she, puckering up her forehead and with a womanly gesture of weariness sinking into a chair upon the dilapidated porch. "I'll be poor, dear mamma, and you be father, drunk and cross."

"Wait a minute," said the boy, running off, but presently returning with a flask from which he pretended to drink. The contents, "Now!" and down he sat, nodding toward the girl with an almost idiotic expression of countenance.

"James," said she, pathetically, in tones as near like her mother's as she could assume, "why will you do this way?"

"Whizzer way?" responded the boy with a leer.

"Why, getting drunk?"

"Who-zer drunk?" angrily retorted he.

"Why, you are, James Meredith," with oh, such a blaze of contempt upon her wee countenance.

The listening father flushed with shame at her tone and look.

"You're a fool!" mumbled the boy. "A man can't take a social glass but what you muzz (hic) call him drunk."

The girl wrung her tiny hands.

"And you promised when the baby died that you would never touch an-

other drop. The children are almost ragged, and we have sometimes but half enough to eat, and yet you go on throwing your money away for such vile stuff. Oh, James, you are breaking my heart," she moaned, pathetically, "you are breaking my heart."

"The man shook us with theague, and great tears rolled down his cheeks.

The children shrank together a few moments later, as they caught sight of his pale face, and stern, determined mouth. He uttered no word, but strode past them into the house.

"He ain't drunk now," whispered the girl to the boy.

"No, but just wait till he comes home from the saloon to-night. It's Saturday night, you know."

"Let's don't play that play no more," said she, "for oh, Jimmy, you might get that way really some time, when you grow to be a man."

"Never!" answered the boy, flinging the flask into the street. "Never! I intend to be a gentleman, sir, a really, truly gentleman!"

There were tears upon the mother's cheeks at the supper table that night, but they were unmistakably glad tears, and the unwonted expression upon the father's face, his gentleness of manner and voice, made the little ones speechless with delight.

It was not long, however, ere the shade returned to the face of the mother, as shortly after supper her husband took his hat and started for the door. The boy looked at his sister, and sadly shook his head.

"I told you so," the nod said, as plain as any speech.

The man hesitated for a moment, as he noted that nod, and read its meaning, but only for a moment did he pause, then he was gone; gone to that saloon in which he had been promised a "good time."

The room was almost full when he entered it. At a table near the door sat his comrades of the afternoon.

"A drink for Jim," boisterously shouted one of them, already considerably under the effects of liquor, to the bartender. "Come along, old fellow."

James Meredith shook his head. "No, none for me!"

Everyone in the room who knew the speaker stared in astonishment.

"Why," said the one who had called for the drink, with a sneer, "has the parson been after ye?" A few laughed.

"No!" firmly said Mr. Meredith, "all the temperance sermons in the world are but as air in comparison with something which I have seen and heard since I last stood here."

No one spoke as he paused for a moment.

"I have seen a vision!" Slowly and impressively he uttered the words.

Only the bartender smiled derisively. There was that in the speaker's face, however, which commanded the respect and silence of all in the room.

And then, in the deep hush which followed, the man told of his innocent little ones whom he had overheard enacting the role of the heart-broken, ill-used mother, and the besotted, miserable father.

"James, why will you do this way?" repeated the narrator, feelingly. "Why, comrades, when I heard that question put by those childish lips, that question which I had so often jeered at when spoken by my wife; when I saw that boy's sullen, repulsive face, the counterpart, I keenly felt of mine—and as I have so often seen it represented here—why, I felt it to be the work of my good angel, a working of a divine spirit in the hearts of the children, thus to present me to myself in all my shame and degradation."

His voice broke. But no movement among his listeners marked the effect of his words and manner. One of a group of young men, emptied the half-filled glass before him upon the floor, and arose to his feet, with head uncovered.

"And I felt," resumed the speaker with a kindling of the eye, as he noted the young man's action, "that it was my duty to come and tell you that henceforth I shall have no more to do here to drown care; to drown care at the expense of my wife and little ones. Please God, from to-night," he added, earnestly, "my brain shall be kept clear, my hand steady, for the climb out of the pit of poverty into which my many 'good times' here have thrust me."

"And I am with you, James Meredith," resolutely said the young man, resuming his seat, and in the silence which followed the two, with a grip of the hand, went out together into the night.

Years after, when a prosperous, honored member of society, James Meredith recognized in a tattered, friendless tramp one of those comrades of olden days, the very one, indeed, who, upon that eventful night, had ordered a drink for Jim.

"I admired yer pluck," said the poor creature, clutching nervously at the coin extended to him. "We all admired yer pluck that night, Jim—I begs yer pardon fer callin' yer by that familiar name, sir—but yer see I had no little ones, nor no visions, and so—"

There was no need for further words. A shake of the poor old head, a movement of the hand across the dim, watery eyes, and the tramp shuffled off to drown his care in as much fiery fluid as the coin would buy.—Elmon Signal.

A Challenge.
Divinity students in the University of Chicago have organized an anti-matrimonial club, announces the Chicago Times-Herald. Now watch the girls single out those boys and bring them to their knees.

Credulity Vs. Power.
Mr. Tesla's assertion that it will not require much power to open communication with Mars may be accepted as true, declares the Chicago Tribune. It may require more credulity than power.

Wife (who has been struck by a bicycle): "Never mind, dear. Don't make a scene of it."
Husband: "What! Say you think I'll let him go without saying what I think?"
Wife: "But I'm not really hurt."
Husband: "That doesn't matter. A little more and he might have run into me."—Tit-Bits.

FELINE CAN'T BE FROZEN.

Siberian Tiger In New York Park That Is Impervious to Intense Cold.

At this season of the year great pains are taken to protect the majority of the animals in the Central park menagerie from cold, particularly the members of the cat family. There is one member of the cat tribe, however, who stays in an exterior cage of the lion house even on the coldest days. He is the Siberian tiger. Such is the climate of his native land that he need not fear anything in the way of cold that this city can produce.

The Siberian tiger is probably the largest member of the cat family and some claim for him the ability distinction of being the most ferocious, says the New York Mail and Express. In the winter the Central park exile is one of the most attractive features of the menagerie. The colder the weather the more animated does he become; he paces the cage all day long with eyes glowing and head erect, longing no doubt to feast on the rosy children who gather in crowds before his prison.

It is in hot weather that the other members of the cat family have the laugh on their handsome cousin, as the saying is. The Siberian tiger has no winters of discontent; he has summers. It is pitiable to see his suffering when the sun begins to warm things up. At such times the poor beast lies on the floor of his cage from morning to night with his tongue hanging from his mouth.

STORY OF A ROYAL DEBT.

Berlin Paper Says King Edward VII. Owes the Kaiser 21,000,000 Marks.

The Vorwarts (socialist organ) lately printed a remarkable story to the effect that Emperor William's sudden departure for England was not only due to a desire to bid farewell to his dying grandmother, but still more to the prince of Wales' urgent wish to settle a private debt affair to the emperor before ascending the throne. This debt, the Vorwarts asserted, amounted to 21,000,000 marks, which Emperor Frederick, immediately after beginning his reign, loaned the prince of Wales in order to place the latter in a position to pay accumulated debts to the amount of 24,000,000 marks. The loaned money, it was further asserted, was part of the savings, amounting to 50,000,000 marks, left by Emperor William I. Count von Stolberg, then minister of the imperial household, the Vorwarts also said, vainly opposed the paying out of the 24,000,000 marks, and thereupon resigned. In official circles here the Vorwarts' story is characterized as a gigantic hoax.

From the most trustworthy sources it is ascertained that there is no foundation whatever for the rumors, frequently appearing in the German press, that Emperor William is largely indebted to Herr Krupp and other German capitalists. On the contrary, the Kaiser is not only without debts, but he is saving money yearly for his children.

CHAOTIC PENAL SYSTEM.

Ten-Day Prisoners Are Frequently Mixed with the Condemned in Delaware.

The whole penal system of Delaware is in more or less chaotic condition, and this, as well as the pillory and whipping post, may be attributed to lack of public thought or study along corrective and charitable lines, says Theodore Dreier, in Amusee's.

The state jails have the qualities of old-time colony prisons. There is no penitentiary. There is no system of prison labor. For important crimes the county jail at New Castle is selected because it is the hardest and much the strongest; for the most trivial offenses the same prison is made to serve. Prisoners with ten-day sentences are mixed with those awaiting execution and those who have a lifetime to serve.

Young and old, boys and gray-haired men, negroes and white, all are jumbled together, and the discrimination made is one which lacks import. It is that the short-term prisoners are allowed to do the small labor, such as cleaning, cooking, coal-carrying, rock-breaking and the like in the open court or jail-yard, where stands the pillory, while the long-term convicts are not allowed to do anything at all. This is considered a fairly satisfactory arrangement, although a more modern workhouse is sometimes talked of.

STRANGE WOOLING OF LUCK.

Italians Make Greyhound Selections of Numbers in the National Lottery.

Ever since the assassination of King Humbert hundreds of Italians have been trying to win prizes in the national lottery by playing those numbers which correspond with his age, says a London paper. These numbers are 56, 10 and 49, the king having lived for 56 years, 10 hours and 49 minutes. If these three numbers should win the player would receive 4,250 times the amount of his stake. Some unusually optimistic gamblers have tried to win even more than this by playing a fourth number (73), which is the symbol of a regicide. If this combination, 56, 10, 49 and 73, were to win the government would have to pay 60,000 times the amount of the stake.

The last drawing was held in Milan a few days ago, and, singularly enough, the winning numbers were 55, 10, 45 and 72. These came pretty close to the mark, and as a result Italian gamblers are more determined than ever to keep on playing their favorite combination until it brings them good fortune.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson*

A Question of Courage.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWO.)

Colonel and Henry, armed with repeating rifles and provided with buckets of water for use in case the fire spread too rapidly, concealed themselves in the shrubbery to the right and left of the small clump of laurel-bushes; and



Ringbrand unfolded it and spelled out the contents.

low went down the avenue and crunched in the black shadow of a low-branched pine; and Ringbrand, armed only with the revolver which had been his companion in the cavern, took his stand against the trunk of a great oak, whose spreading limbs overshadowed the ambush selected by the mountaineers.

Up to the moment when the completion of the arrangements for the capture of the conspirators had begun to cancel the factor of excitement, Ringbrand had not reflected upon the peculiarly trying nature of the test he had proposed for himself. When the plan had suggested itself, he had welcomed it gladly, hurrying forward to its culmination with the eager impetuosity of one who imagines he sees the turning-point of his life in the perspective and runs impetuously to double it.

After he had taken his position under the oak, however, the suspense, and the darkness and silence of the night, began to dampen the fire of enthusiasm; the flood-tide of excitement turned and ebbed slowly away; and the heroic requirements of the part he had volunteered to take in the approaching drama stood out in vivid and disconcerting relief. Common sense awoke and demanded a reason for the hazardous plan, pointing the finger of ridicule at the melodramatic stage setting, and suggesting that nothing had been omitted save a calcium light to be flashed upon the scene at the critical moment.

He saw the absurdity of it all, and how much more sensible it would have been to take Ludlow's suggestion, surrounding the house with a posse of armed men whose numbers would have made resistance on the part of the mountaineers useless and hence impracticable.

And what was there to be urged against such a safe and practical plan of procedure? Nothing, or less than nothing; merely the demonstration of an abstruse metaphysical problem within himself; the application of a heroic test which had no place outside the realm of fiction. And with this thought it occurred to him that he had unconsciously planned the whole thing upon the lines that would have made it most effective in a story! And then the suggestion of the calcium light and the alarmed young woman looking down upon the theatrical tableau from her window came again, making him sick with disgust.

Looking at it from any point of view, the romantic project, which was more than likely to cost him his life in the executing, was merely a fantastic idea of proving himself in some way a knight without fear—a modern type of grotesque medieval personage who went about slaying impossible dragons and disemboweling mythological giants.

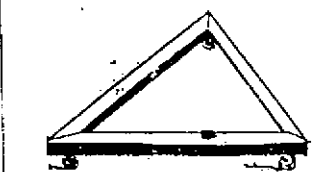
It was absurd—ridiculous—preposterous! And from this point in the argument the descent to the Avernus of terror was easy. At the end of a half-hour he felt the premonitory spinal chill heralding a return of the well-known symptoms; in five minutes more the paroxysm was upon him, and he was struggling furiously in the grasp of his familiar demon, blind, deaf and helpless, with every fiber of his being straining itself for flight in an impulse so real that he turned and grasped at the rough bark of the tree to keep himself from being carried bodily away by the whirlwind of terror.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HANDY MARKET TRUCK.

One of Those Little Conveniences Which Save a Lot of Work and Loss of Temper.

The illustration shows a truck used around the markets to move barrels, boxes, etc. It is simply a triangular frame of two-inch stuff cut two and one-half feet long. Bolt the pieces firmly together at the ends, screw a ball-bearing cast-iron wheel under each



MARKET TRUCK.

end, and you have a truck which will carry a barrel of produce or four bushel boxes over any smooth surface with a slight outlay of strength. Can be used on a barn floor, and in many places around a farm. By laying a board track it can be used to roll barrels of potatoes, etc., from the wagon to bin in cellar. About all the cost of this useful truck will be that of the three casters, which will be 30 to 35 cents, according to size.—J. G. Allhouse, in Ohio Farmer.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson*

INSURANCE Notice

AGENCY OF A. S. SHERMAN,
MERCHANTS BANK.

THE FOLLOWING COMPANIES have been represented in Newport by Mr. J. S. Langley, deceased, having been transferred to me, policies and renewals in the same will be written in this office, where transfers and endorsements can be made. —A. S. SHERMAN, Agents for the following companies: Phoenix Ins. Co. of N. Y., \$2,000,000; American Ins. Co. of Philadelphia, \$2,000,000; Fire Association of Philadelphia, \$2,000,000; Phoenix Ins. Co. of Hartford, \$1,000,000; Imperial Ins. Co. of London, \$750,000; Guardian Ins. Co. of London, \$750,000; Providence Washington Ins. Co. of Providence, \$500,000; British American Ins. Co. of Toronto, \$500,000; Phoenix Ins. Co. of Brooklyn, \$500,000; Queen's Ins. Co. of London, \$500,000; Lancashire Ins. Co. of Manchester, \$500,000; Scottish Union & Nat'l Ins. Co. of Edinburgh, \$500,000; Northern Assurance Co. of London, \$500,000; Phoenix Assurance Co. of London, \$500,000. —A. S. SHERMAN, Office Merchants Bank.

Flagg's Bargain Store,

12 FRANKLIN STREET,

OPP. P. O.

Gray Enamelled Ware Prices.

10 Quart Dish Pans	55c.
2 Quart Milk or Rice Boiler	75c.
1 Quart Sauce Pans	15c.
1 Quart Sauce Pans	18c.
2 1/2 Quart Sauce Pans	25c.
4 Quart Sauce Pans	35c.
3 1/2 Quart Sauce Pans	38c.
2 1/2 Quart Preserving Kettles	25c.
2 Quart Preserving Kettles	22c.
1 1/2 Quart Preserving Kettles	20c.
1 Quart Preserving Kettles	18c.
1 1/2 Quart Pudding Pans	15c.
1 1/2 Quart Pudding Pans	12c.
1 1/2 Quart Pudding Pans	10c.
1 1/2 Quart Pudding Pans	8c.
1 1/2 Quart Pudding Pans	6c.
1 1/2 Quart Pudding Pans	5c.
1 1/2 Quart Pudding Pans	4c.
1 1/2 Quart Pudding Pans	3c.
1 1/2 Quart Pudding Pans	2c.
1 1/2 Quart Pudding Pans	1c.

The above goods are all guaranteed, and the Best Enamelled Ware in the market.

The Metropolitan

The Mercury.

JOHN P. HANBORN, Editor and Manager.

Saturday, March 23, 1901.

Several of the new American battleships when completed will be the most powerful vessels afloat.

A British officer says that the American soldiers, in physique and intelligence, are the superiors among the world's soldiers.

The United States wants twenty five millions for their share of the damages and expense China has made them by the boxer rebellion.

Only one application has been made for a commission among the warrant officers of the Navy. Evidently Admiral Sampson's reply to Gunner Morgan's application frightened off the rest.

It is of great importance to the city of Newport that Long wharf be widened and improved and it should be done at once. There is no need of a long delay. Any of the plans will answer. But let us proceed on some plan.

The U. S. Treasury now holds five hundred millions of gold. A few years ago we were selling bonds to keep the stock up to one hundred millions. The situation then and now represents the conditions under bad financial management and good business management. And yet some people voted for Bryan.

Boston people are rejoicing that the N. Y. N. H. & H. R. R. people are contemplating moving many of their departments from New Haven to Boston. The chain department has been moved entirely to the Boston end of the line, involving the removal of twenty clerks and their families to the latter city. The next move Boston is looking for is the entire machinery of the traffic department to be located there.

In fifteen of the large cities of Germany many American shoes are to be sold by an American firm. A capital of \$500,000 is to be involved in the scheme. The sum of \$30,000 will be spent in fitting up each of the 15 retail establishments, and a like sum will be spent in stocking each store. American-made shoes only will be sold. It is proposed to place Americans in charge of each of the 15 stores. This will give the German people a chance to wear good shoes that they never had before. It shows that the progressive Americans are pushing out for the trade of the world, and they will have it too.

General Assembly.

One of the most important transactions of the General Assembly this week has been the indefinite postponement by the House of the act creating a police commission for each of the cities of Pawtucket and Central Falls. The opposition that had developed in these cities led to this action. Another important measure, which brought on a lively debate in the Senate, was the proposed act providing for a change in the method of assessing the state tax. The change proposed is to accept the valuation of the boards of assessors of the various towns and cities as the basis for assessing the state tax. The act was referred back to the committee and a public hearing was given, at which considerable opposition to its passage was manifested. The act making the Lieutenant Governor the presiding officer of the Senate instead of the governor was passed on Tuesday. A number of other new acts of more or less importance were introduced.

On Wednesday, there was a lively discussion in the House over the act ratifying the contract of the Union Railroad Company and the Providence & Danielson Railway Company which resulted in the act being indefinitely postponed. Judge Blodgett championed the bill but the vote stood 20 to 26 to indefinitely postpone. The Senate passed an act providing for the division of the city of Providence into election districts for the purpose of electing representatives to the General Assembly. Each ward elects at least one representative and two wards elect two each.

In the House on Thursday in spite of the opposition of Dr. Garvin an act was passed providing for adjournment on March 29 to November 12. A number of financial matters were reported and considered, among them the resolution appropriating \$50,000 for a state library at Westerly. An act was introduced providing for a state librarian at \$1000 a year and also appropriating \$500 for the expenses of the state library. Two resolutions relating to the State Agricultural College were also introduced.

An act to incorporate the Sprague & Sisson Graphite Company was passed, and the stock property is exempted from attachment except for indebtedness incurred in connection with the corporation. The graphite mine is in Little Compton. The incorporators are Ex-Governor William Sprague and Ex-Lieutenant Governor Henry T. Sisson.

Thursday afternoon a number of members of Washington Commandery, No. 4, K. T., journeyed to Hartford where they were the guests of Washington Commandery of that city. The local commandery did not attend as a body. The members returned home Wednesday afternoon after a most enjoyable occasion. Among those who made the trip were: J. W. Gibson, Frank L. Powell, George E. Houghton, David Stevens, Arthur E. Burland, F. Augustus Ward, William H. Walcott, Philip Caswell and Arthur B. Commerford. Thomas J. Pierce, Eminent Commander of Washington Commandery, and F. P. Lawton, both of whom hail from Wickford, were in the party.

Repealed.

The war tax has been repealed entirely on the following items. The repeal goes into effect July 1st.

Bank checks, 2 cents.
Bills of lading for export, 10 cents.
Bonds of indemnity and bonds not otherwise specified, 50 cents. (Repealed except as to bonds of indemnity).
Certificates of damage, 25 cents.
Certificates of deposit, 2 cents.
Certificates not otherwise specified, 10 cents.

Charter party, \$3 to \$10.
Chawing gun, 4 cents each \$1.
Commercial brokers, \$20.
Drafts, sight, 2 cents.
Express receipts, 1 cent.

Insurance—Life, 8 cents on each \$100; marine, inland, fire, 4 cent on each \$100; casualty, fidelity and guaranty, 4 cent on each \$1.
Lease, 25 cents to \$1.
Manifest for Custom House entry, \$1 to \$5.

Money orders, 2 cents for each \$100.
Perfumery and cosmetics, one-eighth cent for each 5 cents.
Power of attorney to vote, 10 cents.
Power of attorney to sell, 25 cents.
Promissory notes, 2 cents for each \$100.

Proprietary medicines, one-eighth cent for each 5 cents.
Protest, 25 cents.
Telegraph messages, 1 cent.
Telephone messages, 1 cent.

Warehouse receipts, 25 cents.
On the following items the law has been modified as follows:

Beer, \$2 per barrel and 7 1/2 per cent, discount, changed to \$1.50 per barrel, and 7 1/2 per cent, discount repealed.
Bills of exchange, foreign, 4 cents for each \$100; changed to 2 cents for each \$100.

Cigars weighing more than 3 pounds per 1,000, \$8.50 per 1,000; changed to \$3 per 1,000.
Cigarettes weighing not more than 3 pounds per 1,000, \$1.50 per 1,000; changed to, valued at not more than \$2 per 1,000, 18 cents per pound; valued at more than \$2 per 1,000, 35 cents per pound.

Cigars weighing not more than 3 pounds per 1,000, \$1 per 1,000; changed to 18 cents per pound.
Conveyances, 50 cents for each \$500; now exempted below \$2,500; above \$2,500, 25 cents for each \$500.

Legacies—Law modified so as to exclude from taxation legacies of charitable, religious, literary or educational character.
Passage ticket, \$1 to \$5; now exempted below \$50 in value.

Battleship Rhode Island.

Thanks to a suggestion contained in an article written by Mr. James N. Arnold, the historian of Providence, a fund has been started to purchase a gift from the people of the state to the battleship which will bear its name. Hon. John D. Long, secretary of the navy, has suggested that, in place of the conventional silver service, which will be exhibited on state occasions only, the gift take the form of a bas relief for the turret or some other prominent portion of the vessel. Secretary Long also mentioned Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry, the hero of Lake Erie and a native of this city, as one entitled to commemoration in this manner. This suggestion has met with much favor in this city, where the memory of Perry is kept forever green, and it is hoped that some such plan may be carried out.

Another plan that has been mentioned is to have a bas relief consisting of a number of figures of Rhode Island men prominent in affairs of the nation—Oliver Hazard Perry, Ezekiel Hopkins, the first commander of the American navy, and perhaps others. Just what form of gift will be adopted remains to be decided, but it will be a valuable one and will probably not be a silver service.

The contract for the Battleship Rhode Island has been awarded to the Fore River Shipyard at Quincy, Mass. She will be of the most modern type, powerful, swift and heavily armed.

A Great Play.

Ben Hur, which is now just finishing its fifteenth week in the Colonial Theatre, Boston, is certainly a great play, by a great company in a great theatre. Says the Boston Herald:

From whatever point of view one views "Ben Hur," as a spectacle, as a play involving straightforward dramatic action, or as a biblical illustration, the verdict is always the same. Nothing like it has been seen in this city for seasons, and it has been a rare treat to those theatregoers who appreciate something out of the ordinary track. Messrs. Klaw & Erlanger have devoted the best material they could muster to the production; they were fortunate in securing an admirable stage version of Gen. Lew Wallace's immortal novel, and they present a strong company of players, each of whom is perfectly fitted to the part in hand.

Many there are who have admitted that they saw "Ben Hur" once in order to obtain by picture what they had mentally comprehended in reading the book. They went again for some more specific purpose, either to watch with bated breath that extremely realistic chariot race, or to drink in the beauties of that marvellous scene—the grove of Daphne—or, perhaps, to note the perfect reproduction of the interior of the Roman galley, which figures so prominently in Roman history. In other words a first view, as in an art gallery, is essential in order to absorb the general features, while a second and third are equally essential if one wishes to note more carefully certain phases which were caught all too fleetingly at the first view.

\$50.00 to California and Back This Summer.

An illustrated book, which will be of much interest to all who are expecting to take advantage of the low rates to California this summer, at the time of the Epworth League Convention to be held in San Francisco in July, has just been issued by the Chicago & North-Western R'y. Much valuable information is given relating to the state, variable routes, etc. The rate via this line will be only \$50.00 for the round trip from Chicago, with corresponding rates from other points. Copy of this book may be had free upon application to Mr. W. B. Kiskern, 22 Fifth Ave., Chicago, Ill. 3-23-4w

Washington Matters.

Foreign Interests in Cuba are the Cause of Misunderstandings—Congo's Actions in China are upheld by the Administration—Secretary Long on Battleship Rhode Island—Notes.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, March 18th, 1901.

Secretary Root has a record as a patient man, but those American and European interests, which, having failed to accomplish their purpose in Washington are now operating in Cuba to prevent the acceptance of the conditions named by Congress by the Cubans, may discover that there is a limit to his patience, and the discovery may be accomplished by an exposure that will not be repelled by those exposed. These interests would like to have the Cubans think that they are working for them, but as a matter of fact, they are doing nothing of the kind. On the contrary, they are working to make American control permanent, forgetting, or rather ignoring the fact that our national honor is pledged to turn Cuba over to the Cubans just as soon as they demonstrate their ability to undertake the responsibilities of self-government. When these interests were working in Washington, their arguments were that it was necessary for the great property interests of the island that American control should be continued indefinitely; now they are seeking the same end by trying to persuade the Cubans that the conditions named are hard and unjust and that if they refuse to accept them, they will be modified by the next Congress. Of course, they know better, but they can have a new argument ready after the next Congress fails to change the conditions, if they succeed in beguiling the Cubans into standing in their own light. Meanwhile American control will continue.

Before recovering from the shock of ex-President Harrison's death, Washington received a fresh shock through the sudden death of Hon. Marriott Brooks, of Pennsylvania, Chairman of the Committee of Banking and Currency of the last House. When Mr. Brooks left Washington, after the adjournment of Congress, he was apparently in robust health. He was a member of the House for ten years and was deservedly popular among his colleagues and in Washington.

Senator Allison and Representative Hepburn, of Iowa, timing of the many misrepresentations of the reason for the return to the United States of Minister Conger, have given out an authoritative statement, based upon information obtained personally by them from President McKinley and Secretary Hay. This statement may be thus briefed: Minister Conger is coming home on leave of absence, asked for by himself; his conduct of the important negotiations in Pekin have been entirely satisfactory to President McKinley, and so far as the President or Secretary of the State know, Mr. Conger intends to return to his post at Pekin, at the expiration of his leave of absence. If he does not it will simply be because he does not wish to do so.

Secretary Long has some idea about the kind of testimonial that ought to be given to battleships by citizens of states after which they are named, as may be seen from the following letter sent by him to Representative Bull, of Rhode Island, in answer to an inquiry: "I will not suggest a silver service as a gift from the State of Rhode Island to the battleship named for it. Such a service must necessarily be kept in place, and my idea of a proper memorial is something which everybody can see. The best one I know is that given by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts to the battleship Massachusetts—a bronze figure of Victory in front of the forward turret. I think West Virginia has in mind a bronze reproduction of the Coat of Arms of that State. I think it would be well to appoint a committee of two or three with a view to consultation with some good artist. Was not Commodore Perry a native of Rhode Island? If so, a statue of him or his relief would be worth considering."

Gold in the United States Treasury continues to increase at the rate of more than five million a month, and the rate of increase is likely to continue until July 1, when the revenue reduction law will go into effect. That law reduced the revenue about \$10,000,000 a year. Treasurer Roberts thinks that will stop the increase of gold in the Treasury, but does not expect it to reduce the total, which now amounts to \$252,013,022, and will probably exceed half a billion of dollars by the first of July.

If Commissioner Evans retires from the head of the Pension Bureau, as it is generally believed he will in the near future, his successor is practically certain to be a Western man. Capt. Palmer, of N. Y., ex-Commander in chief of the G. A. R., who was regarded as a promising candidate, is not being urged by the New York Senators, since Col. Sauger of that State was appointed Assistant Secretary of War.

Mr. Charles H. Duell, Commissioner of Patents, has tendered his resignation to the President, to take effect upon the appointment and qualification of his successor.

Owing to a reduction of \$100,000 in the appropriation for the collection of Internal Revenue for the fiscal year beginning July 1, there will have to be a reduction in the clerical force in the office of the Bureau of Internal Revenue, in Washington, as well as in a number of collection districts throughout the country.

Weather Bulletin.

Copyrighted, 1900, by W. T. Foster.
St. Joseph, Mo., March 22.—Last disturbance in March will reach Pacific coast about 25, cross west of Rockies by close of 29, great central valleys 30 to April 1, eastern states April 2.
Warm wave of the above will cross west of Rockies about 28, great central valleys 30, eastern states April 1.—Cool wave will cross west of Rockies about 31, great central valleys April 2, eastern states 1.
The above will be a cold storm, the highest temperatures not going much above normal and the frosts reaching well into southern latitudes.

Next bulletin will give general forecasts for April. Weather of that month will be of a type that goes to extremes and its influence on the crops and wheat crops will be of interest to producers and dealers. Prices of grain now come under control of the weather and the weather of the incoming crop season will be of a kind that will cause frequent and radical changes in prices.
In bulletin of February 23, these forecasts gave warning of severe storms about March 10 and the greatest storms of the winter came near that time. My forecasts also said that disturbance to cross continent 9 to 13 would bring warmest wave of the month and it did; that temperature would be averaging high on meridian 90 about March 2 and it was very high; that a cold wave would cross continent 11 to 15 and it

did. Don't forget that when the place is not mentioned references are to meridian 90 and that all my forecasts are for within twenty-four hours of 9 p. m. of the day given.

Knowing, by the forecasts, about when to expect the weather changes you must use your own knowledge of weather indications to determine whether the change will come a few hours early or a few hours late.

NEW CARPETS.

Just received a large stock of

New Carpets,

Oil Cloths, Linoleums,

WALL PAPERS,

Window Shades, &c.,

AT LOWEST PRICES.

W. C. Cozens & Co.,

228 THAMES STREET.

Office of the Probate Clerk of the City of Newport in the Probate Court of the City of Newport, at the City Hall, March 18th, A. D. 1901.
GARDNER E. REYNOLDS, by his Attorney, Frank E. Nelson, having this day filed in this office a petition in writing to the Court of Probate of said Newport, praying that letters of administration, do issue upon the estate of JAMES E. REYNOLDS, late of said Newport, deceased, and he has given notice thereof by advertising in the Newport Mercury, and he is hereby given to all persons interested, that said petition will be considered at the Court of Probate to be held on Monday the 19th day of April, A. D. 1901, at 10 o'clock A. M., at the Probate Office in the City Hall in said Newport.
DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Probate Clerk.

GUARDIAN'S NOTICE.
THE UNDERSIGNED having been duly appointed by the Hon. Court of Probate of the City of Newport, guardian of the person and estate of JOHN H. HARRINGTON, of full age, of said City of Newport, and he has given notice thereof by advertising in the Newport Mercury, and he is hereby given to all persons having claims against said estate to present them, within six months from the date hereof, and those indebted to make payment to SAHARIL H. HARRINGTON, Guardian.
Newport, R. I., March 18th, 1901.—S-186w

GUARDIAN'S NOTICE.
New Shoreham, R. I., Feb. 9th, 1901.
THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that he has been appointed by the Probate Court of the town of New Shoreham, guardian of the person and estate of GEORGE E. MITCHELL, of full age, of said town of New Shoreham, and he has given notice thereof by advertising in the Newport Mercury, and he is hereby given to all persons having claims against said estate to present them, within six months from the date hereof, and those indebted to make payment to KATIE E. MITCHELL, Guardian.
2-10-01.

GUARDIAN'S NOTICE.
New Shoreham, R. I., Jan. 19th, 1901.
THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that he has been appointed by the Probate Court of the town of New Shoreham, guardian of the person and estate of JAMES MITCHELL, of full age, of said town of New Shoreham, and he has given notice thereof by advertising in the Newport Mercury, and he is hereby given to all persons having claims against said estate to present them, within six months from the date hereof, and those indebted to make payment to ELMER H. DAY, Guardian.
2-10-01.

In Spite of Foes.

BY GENERAL CHARLES KING.

KING'S REVENGE by Alice Johnson, author of The Three Lairs.
THE SIX ESSENTIALISTS, by Arthur Standen, being Vol. 2 of his series of American Novels by American Authors.
A CARBIDE SECRET, by Guy Boothby.
A TRAILER IN LONDON, by Fergus Hume.
THEODORE PARKER, PREACHER AND REFORMER, by John White Chadwick.

Carr's Book Shop,
BARRY NEWS BUILDING,
TELEPHONE 503.

H. A. Heath & Co.,

JEWELER and

OPTICIAN . . .

162 Thames Street, - Newport.



Your eyes will be stronger if you treat them properly in youth and middle age. You need glasses, not necessarily because you are growing older, but because your defective eyes are growing weaker. It is our business to tell you the kind you need. This can only be determined by a scientific examination.

WE GIVE IT FREE OF CHARGE.

JAMES ROGERS,

OF NEW LONDON, CONN.,

AND HIS DESCENDANTS.

THIS GENEALOGY of about five hundred pages will be published when subscriptions for three hundred copies have been received. Send for circular to JAMES S. ROGERS, 112-14 Warren Street, Boston, Mass.

For Rent.

Good rooms in the NEWPORT BUILDING, either furnished or unfurnished. Possession given April 1st.

Enquire at the MERCURY OFFICE.

Furnished Cottages

on various parts of the island

FOR RENT.

Apply to H. S. MILLIKIN, Block Island, R. I.

Has a Tale?
We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Remedy.
We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for many years, to be a true and reliable man, and we hereby certify that he is the author of the Catarrh Remedy, and we will pay the reward offered by him for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Remedy.
W. E. TRACY, W. E. TRACY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.
A. W. WALKER, KANSAS & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free. Hall's family pills are the best.

WEEKLY ALMANAC.

MARCH 1901.		STANDARD TIME.		MOON.		HIGH WATER.	
Day.	Week.	Sun.	Moon.	Sun.	Moon.	Sun.	Moon.
23 Sat	5	5:18	10:10	10:10	10:10	10:10	10:10
24 Sun	6	5:18	10:10	10:10	10:10	10:10	10:10
25 Mon	7	5:18	10:10	10:10	10:10	10:10	10:10
26 Tues	8	5:18	10:10	10:10	10:10	10:10	10:10
27 Wed	9	5:18	10:10	10:10	10:10	10:10	10:10
28 Th	10	5:18	10:10	10:10	10:10	10:10	10:10
29 Fri	11	5:18	10:10	10:10	10:10	10:10	10:10
30 Sat	12	5:18	10:10	10:10	10:10	10:10	10:10

Full Moon 6th, 18th, 28th, morning.
Last Quarter 13th, 25th, evening.
New Moon 21st day, 8th, 11th, evening.
First Quarter 28th day, 8th, 11th, evening.

A. O'D. TAYLOR

OFFERS FOR RENT.

1st—Two excellent offices, 21 floor on Thames street, in one of the best business parts of that street. Furnished and heated, \$20 a year each.
2d—A suite of three communicating rooms, close to Washington square, on Thames street, well suited for an office, or a lecture or dancing hall. Rent of all these \$100. Office, 124 Bellevue Avenue, Newport. Telephone, 320.

Deaths.

In this city, suddenly, 22nd inst., Corrie E. daughter of St. McNulty, of Fredericktown, N. R. Canada.
In this city, suddenly, 21st inst., at her home, 28 Broadway, Bridget, wife of Patrick O'Leary.
In this city, 18th inst., Daniel, son of Ellen T. Quinn and the late Dennis Harrington, aged 15 years.
In this city, 18th inst., Abraham James Pugsley, in the 21st year of his age.
Suddenly, at the residence of his son-in-law, Mr. J. C. Phillips, Saturday, March 16, 1901, Philip S. Tanguay, aged 71 years.
In this city, 18th inst., John Pugsley, 64th inst., Harold, aged 1 year and 6 months.
In Middletown, 19th inst., Sarah S., wife of Stephen H. Condon, aged 51 years.
In Bristol, R. I., March 19, 1901, Samuel A. Taylor, eldest son of the late Captain John Taylor, formerly of Newport. Funeral from his late residence, 2 Howe street, Saturday, 23rd inst.
In Providence, 18th inst., Professor Almon Williams, in his 64th year.
In Providence, 15th inst., Henry R. Barker, in his 70th year.
In North Haverhill, 18th inst., Albert, wife of Joseph, 64th inst., aged 35 years, 6 months and 12 days.
In San Antonio, Texas, 17th inst., Earl Philip, son of Providence, in his 64th year.
In Providence, 18th inst., George Barnard, 18th inst., Catherine Sabin, widow of George Arnold Cole, 56 1/2 inst., Anna Dawson, 74 1/2 inst., Corollie R., widow of William P. Vaughan, 75.

Building Sites.

4 EXCELLENT BUILDING SITES

on Hope Street and Dowl Avenue.

\$12,000 and \$18,000 each.

3 COTTAGE SITES

on Prospect Street, \$1200, \$1800 and \$2000.

PLATS AT MY OFFICE.

SIMEON HAZARD.

91 BROADWAY.

Newport, R. I.

Telephone 370.

CARTER'S

LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cure

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Fatigue, Nervousness, Indigestion, etc. In the Face, etc. While their most remarkable success has been in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cure

HEAD

Acetabody would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint, but fortunately their goodness does not end there, and those who contract them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all the best

ACHE

Is the band of so many ills that here it while warm and great heat. Our pills create while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not grip or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for \$1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

SEABURY'S

Annual Sale of

SHOPWORN

Boots, Shoes & Slippers,

BEGINS

FRIDAY, FEB'Y 1.

The T. Mumford & Sonbury Co.

Heraldic Engraving,

Crests and Coats

of Arms,

for

PEOPLE RELIEVED

At the Prospect of Peace
at TientsinGreat Britain Reserves Question of
Proprietary Rights

London, March 22.—Mr. Lansdowne, the foreign secretary, announced in the house of lords yesterday that Russia and Great Britain had agreed to withdraw their troops from the disputed territory at Tientsin, and reserve the question of title and proprietary rights for subsequent examination.

Lord Lansdowne's announcement was received by the house with every evidence of relief. He supplemented the announcement by explaining that the dispute concerned an extensive area on the left bank of the Pei-Ho, which the Russians occupied in the autumn, placing the area under Russian occupation. The area, however, comprises plots belonging to the North Chinese railroad, and was, therefore, part of the territory of the British bondholders.

The line of railroad was part of the railroad recently transferred by the Russians to Field Marshal Von Waldersee, who retransferred it to the British. The necessities of the allies required the construction of a siding on one of the plots referred to, and the presence of British workers on the plot was treated as a trespass on Russian territory.

It was subsequently alleged that the Russian boundary marks had been removed by the British. In those circumstances the government, March 16, telegraphed to its representatives in China that it thought the rights of the British or Russian troops to occupy the disputed territory could best be settled by Field Marshal Von Waldersee, as the commander-in-chief, and General Gaselee, the British commander, was instructed to request the field marshal to settle the immediate differences, reserving for future examination the question of the validity of the alleged private rights. General Gaselee was also instructed to refrain from using force, except to repel aggression.

On March 20 the alleged removal of the Russian boundary pillar occurred, and the government instructed the British minister at Peking, Sir Ernest Satow, that Great Britain was ready to refer the facts to Field Marshal Von Waldersee, on the understanding that, if either side was found to have committed an irregularity it should apologize to the other.

Lord Lansdowne was glad to say that he had heard from the British ambassador at St. Petersburg that the Russian foreign minister, Count Lamsdorff, had proposed that they should agree to reserve all questions of title and proprietary rights for the examination of the two governments, and that in the meanwhile orders be forthwith sent for the withdrawal of both sides from the disputed place.

Lord Lansdowne added that since the receipt of Count Lamsdorff's proposal the government had ordered the withdrawal of the troops to the satisfaction of Field Marshal Von Waldersee, so that there might be no room for a renewed misunderstanding.

His lordship expressed a hope that the result of the negotiations showed that what was really a very small matter of strictly local importance would not be allowed to disturb the relations between the two countries.

The statement was received with cheers.

Death of Patrick Donahoe

Boston, March 18.—Patrick Donahoe, the publisher of The Pilot, died this morning. He reached his 90th year yesterday. Since last Friday he had been at the point of dissolution, and the efforts of his physicians were to keep him alive for his birthday anniversary. He was born in Slattery, Ire., and came to this country in 1825. He was apprenticed to a printer and from that time to his death was identified with newspaper making in Boston. Before the great fire of 1872, Mr. Donahoe was worth \$500,000, but he had to start over again with a small insurance. His endorsements of business paper brought another blow, but he had since retrieved his fortune.

Quarrymen Dissatisfied

Rockland, Me., March 21.—A strike of lime kiln tenders and quarrymen of the Rockland and Backport Lime company of this city is threatened. For several days past a demand for an increase in wages has been receiving the signatures of the workmen, and the paper has been signed by over 400 of the 450 employees. The rate of wages is now \$1.75 per day, and \$2 is demanded on and after April 1, with the understanding that those who quit their names to the paper will insist on the point at issue to the extent of striking if necessary.

One Cent a Mile

Cleveland, March 22.—An important meeting of railway men was held at the Hollenden hotel in this city, at which the 1-cent a mile rate proposed for the Grand Army of the Republic national encampment, to be held in Cleveland next September, was formally promulgated. This fixes the railroad rate absolutely and finally. This action governs the rate in territory going and returning from and to all points in the Central Passenger association territory.

Went Down Off Hatters

Boston, March 20.—A cablegram announces that the tug C. W. Morse, which left this port March 4 for Port Lincoln and Belize, towing the fruit barges S. Pizzani and Atlas, has arrived at Port Antonio, Jam., with the Atlas. The Pizzani foundered off Cape Hatteras during a storm. Captain Thomas and her crew of four men were saved by the tug and landed at Port Antonio.

Deaths Frequent Calls

Brookton, Mass., March 20.—Three times within a week has death visited the family of Charles H. Taylor of this city. A few days ago Mrs. Taylor's mother died, and on Monday her aunt passed away. Yesterday Mr. Taylor's mother died. The three deaths were from different diseases.

A TRIPLE MURDER

Maine Farmer Brutally Murders
His Three ChildrenOther News of Interest From Various
Parts of New England States.

Clinton, Me., March 22.—This town is in a great state of excitement over the worst tragedy ever committed in this section of the state. It was late yesterday afternoon when Manly Morrison, the chairman of the board of selectmen drove into town and announced that a triple murder had been committed on a farm eight miles from this postoffice. Mr. Morrison summoned Coroner Snell of Waterville, and that official arrived on the 5 o'clock train. A drive of eight miles, over a road that is at its worst, and in a drenching rain, was taken and the party arrived at the farm home of Jacob Dearborn Marr. Here a horrible sight met the eyes of the visitors. Stretched upon the floor of the kitchen, with a broad stream of congealed blood beside her, lay the lifeless body of Alice M. Marr, aged 13 years. Upstairs in the hall lay the body of Elvira, 9 years old, while in a sleeping apartment on the same floor was the dead body of Helen, 7 years old. Shortly after dinner yesterday, Dearborn Marr, as he is called, went to the woodshed and secured an axe. With this weapon he stepped into the kitchen, and without word or warning deliberately struck the oldest girl on the top of the head, felling her to the floor. The skull was crushed, and the child died within 20 minutes. Then Marr went to the second floor, where the two other children were playing. Sounds which came from the upper floor were such as led Mrs. Marr, who was in the sitting room, to believe that her husband was murdering his children. The wife and mother ran rapidly to the home of her husband's father, Samuel Marr, and told him that Dearborn was killing the children. Frantic at the thought of such a crime, the elder Marr, a man of 80 years, ran to the house of his son, a few rods away. When the elder Marr stepped into the kitchen he saw his son at the sink washing his hands and face. On the floor the body of Alice lay, and the grandfather, bending over her, saw that life was nearly gone, and that nothing could be done to save her. Putting the question to his son, the old man asked: "My God, Dearborn, what have you done?" "I don't know" was the answer, and to that the murderer father has stuck.

Neighbors were summoned, and a watch was kept on Marr, who had gone to the sitting room and remained there through all the excitement of the afternoon. When Coroner Snell entered the house, Marr was still in the sitting room. The coroner was assisted in the examination of the bodies by two assistants.

But one blow had been sufficient to do the work, the axe had sunk through the scalp and skull of the little ones. When the officers and the prisoner arrived at the village, the story of the horrible affair had spread to a greater portion of the town, and a great crowd gathered.

It is the opinion of the greater part of the townspeople of the prisoner to whose ears the case had come, that the man, known to them to be sober, quiet and industrious, must certainly have become suddenly insane to have committed the horrible act.

Important Deal
Burlington, Vt., March 22.—Negotiations have just been closed whereby the Burlington Lumber company has purchased of J. J. Flynn of this city, as agent, 20,000 acres of heavily timbered spruce land in the towns of Manchester, Sunderland, Winhall, Stratton and Dorset, in Bennington county. The entire product of the timbered land has been sold to the International Paper company. General Manager Wright of Auburn, Mass., has several carloads of horses, camp equipments and supplies purchased, all of which have been shipped to the Manchester depot, to be taken to the woods. A portable mill will be located on the tract of land between the snow leaves the ground. Between 20,000 and 25,000 cords of pulp wood are to be taken out this year.

Baseballists Organize
Boston, March 22.—The happy outlook for sports the coming season has induced baseball men in New England cities to agitate the matter of a New England league, notwithstanding that few seasons have been completely successful since the early nineties. The league of six clubs was organized at the Quincy House yesterday. The eleven will include Manchester, Lowell, Haverhill, Lewiston, Bangor and probably Portland.

Vandette Is Released

Middlebury, Vt., March 21.—Aldace Vandette, who was engaged to be married to Ida Fosburgh on Tuesday night of last week, and who was arrested on a charge alleging connection with her murder, and who has been a prisoner in the Addison jail, is a free man, his release having been ordered at 8:30 o'clock last night by a telephone message from State's Attorney Donaghy at Shoreham.

Sampson Rewarded

Boston, March 22.—Admiral William T. Sampson yesterday received from Washington a certified check for \$8325 from the treasury department, as his share of the award for the capture of the Spanish fleet at Santiago.

Reducing Output

Bridford, Me., March 22.—The Pepperell cloth mills in this city, giving employment to 3000 operatives, will curtail its production after April 1, by reducing its output about one-fourth.

Long Debate Ended

Providence, March 21.—The body of Jarvis Smith, who was tried on and acquitted of a charge of the murder of Brenton Rounds at Foster in October, 1892, was found in a horse shed in the town of Burrillville about 9 o'clock yesterday morning. He had been on a debauch since Saturday, and death had resulted from exposure and the results of his disipation.

Squadron Mobilizing

Shanghai, March 21.—A dispatch to The China Gazette from Tokyo says that all the Russian warships in Japanese waters have sailed for Korea, and that the Japanese squadron is mobilizing for an immediate departure to the Korean coast.

Many Years of Wall Street

New York, March 21.—John Pondir, for 25 years one of Wall street's most picturesque figures and an influential and prominent operator, is dead. Mr. Pondir prior to 1885 was engaged with Jay Gould in the affairs of the Union Pacific railroad, and was also instrumental in launching the Sutter mound scheme. He was born in Germany.

WITH AXE AND CLUB

Mrs. Naramore Commits a
Shocking CrimeHusband Distracted and Wife May
Die as Result of Suicidal Intent

Coldbrook, Mass., March 22.—While in a fit of temporary insanity yesterday, Mrs. Lizzie Naramore killed her entire family of six children, at her home, a farmhouse, half a mile from this village, and then tried to take her own life. The children ranged from 10 years to a babe of 10 months, and their lives were taken by the mother with an axe and a club. Then she laid the blood-drenched bodies on the beds, two on one bed, and the other four on a bed in another room. This terrible sight met the eyes of the husband and father, Frank Naramore, when he returned home some hours later. Mrs. Naramore then attempted to take her own life by cutting her throat with a razor, and when discovered she was in the bed on which the bodies of four children were lying. Although she cut a deep gash in her throat and suffered the loss of much blood, it is believed she will recover.

Frank Naramore and his happy family lived on the Coldbrook farm, so-called, a short distance from the village of Coldbrook, just over the town line of Oakham, but in the town of Barre. Mr. Naramore left his home at the usual hour to go to his work, and at that time his wife did not attract his attention by acting strangely. It is supposed the crime was committed shortly after noon, the discovery being made by George Thrasher, an employee at Parker's grocery store in Coldbrook village. Mr. Thrasher visited the Naramore house at about 2:15 o'clock for the purpose of delivering groceries that had previously been ordered by Mrs. Naramore. He was unable to get in the house by the door he usually entered, and an examination showed him that it was barricaded. He made a noise, but was unable to raise anyone about the premises. He then looked in a window and noticed blood on the floor, while Mrs. Naramore was lying on a bed. He was somewhat surprised also in the absence of the children, whom he was accustomed to see playing in or about the house, and the circumstances made him suspicious that something wrong had happened. He, thereupon, returned to the village and told of what he had seen and what he had suspected. A party was made up, and a lady visit was made to the Naramore house. An entrance was made without delay, and the mutilated bodies of the six children in two beds found. Mrs. Naramore was alive, but was very weak from loss of blood. She was stretched across the bed, on which were four bodies. Medical Examiner Walcott of Barre was summoned, and took charge of the bodies, while physicians attended to the wound of Mrs. Naramore. She was removed to the village hotel, where an attempt is being made to save her life. At a late hour last night the attending physicians were confident that she would survive.

At the time the party of villagers found Mrs. Naramore she was asked how she did the deed, and she said that she took the lives in four different rooms, and as fast as she killed one child the body was placed in a bed.

The children were three boys and three girls, Ethel, 10 years of age, being the oldest, while the ages of Walter, Charlie, Chester, Bessie and Lena ranged from 5 years to 10 months, Lena being the baby. Mrs. Naramore told her most intimate friends that she first killed Ethel; and then followed with the five others, each time taking the oldest. Five were killed by being struck on the head with the back of an axe, while Lena was killed with a club. She says she fully expected the gash in her throat would cause her death, and that when her husband returned at night he would find all of the bodies in the two beds. She appeared rational last evening, and displayed signs of sorrow for the deed she had committed, although she is unable to give any reason why she killed the children.

Each of the children had evidently received several blows, as their heads were terribly bruised, and blood was scattered in all directions about the rooms. The two beds were saturated with blood from the wounds on the six children, and the self-inflicted gash in Mrs. Naramore's neck. She had evidently made preparations for the deed, as all the doors were locked and barred with sticks of wood.

When the men first reached the house Mrs. Naramore presented all appearances of being dead, but she was soon revived. She has not been sick of late, and while her husband now remembers that she has not acted just right during the past few days, he did not entertain any suspicions that she would do any harm. Mr. and Mrs. Naramore have been well and favorably known by the residents of Oakham and Barre, and their six children have been admired by everyone.

About 5 o'clock last night Mrs. Naramore experienced a sudden change for the worse, and it is believed she will not live. At a later hour she was just alive, and no hopes were entertained for her recovery. Two lady friends and a physician have been in attendance since she was brought to the village hotel.

The affair is the most horrible in the history of the town, and sympathy is everywhere manifested for the almost heart-broken husband and father, while the woman is also pitied.

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THE CITY OF NEWPORT.

An Ordinance establishing a Board of
Health for the City of Newport.It is ordained by the City Council of the City
of Newport, that

Section 1. The City Council in convention immediately after the passage of this ordinance shall elect a Board of Health for the City of Newport to consist of five members, one to serve until the beginning of the municipal year 1902, one to serve until the beginning of the municipal year 1903, one to serve until the beginning of the municipal year 1904, one to serve until the beginning of the municipal year 1905, and one to serve until the beginning of the municipal year 1906; and annually thereafter at the beginning of every municipal year the City Council in convention shall elect one member of said Board to hold office for the term of five years.

All vacancies in said Board, by resignation or otherwise, shall be filled by the City Council in convention. At least three members of said Board shall be physicians. The members of said Board and the Executive Officer thereof shall qualify in the same manner as in other city officers.

Sec. 2. Said Board shall elect from their own number a President and one or more Vice Presidents from time to time at their discretion, or at the call of the President, or at the call of the Secretary upon written request from any two members.

Sec. 3. The Board shall hold office until the Sanitary Inspector, the Assistant Sanitary Inspector and the Clerk of the Committee on Health and Sanitation shall be duly appointed by the City Council, and the Board shall hold office until the Executive Officer of said Board and some suitable person to be the Clerk of said Board. Said Executive Officer and said Clerk shall serve during the term of said Board, and be subject at all times to their orders and control. Said Executive Officer shall receive compensation at the rate of twelve hundred dollars a year, and said Clerk shall receive compensation at the rate of six hundred dollars a year.

Sec. 4. The said Board may expend in and about the performance and accomplishment of their duties such sum of money as may be found requisite, not exceeding one thousand dollars in any one municipal year, provided always that all such expenditures shall be recommended for payment by the committee on finance and approved for payment by the City Council before payment thereof from the city treasury.

Sec. 5. The said Board may make such rules and regulations for their own government and for the government of all subordinate officers in their department, as they deem expedient; they shall have and exercise all the powers and duties of the city council and of the board of aldermen relative to the public health, except that they shall not have the right to make any proper inquiries into the condition of the public health of the city and into all things which may in any way affect the health thereof, they shall receive and compile all such statistics relating to the health of said city as they may deem proper; they shall see to the enforcement of all laws pertaining to the health of the city, they shall receive and consider complaints of alleged nuisances in said city or of breaches of any of the aforesaid laws, and shall take such legal steps in the premises as may be necessary or proper. All members of said Board and the Executive Officer thereof shall have the power to enter upon complaint of information and to do all things which may be necessary and proper between the hours of 9 a.m. and 5 p.m.

Sec. 6. The Executive Officer of said Board, the Inspector of Nuisances, the Inspector of Plumbing and the Inspector of Milk, shall be at all times subject to the direction of said Board. Said officers shall investigate all complaints or information relating to nuisances or the violation of the health laws in said city and shall report the result of such investigation to the Board as soon as completed and, under the direction of said Board, shall cause the same to be remedied. Said officers shall keep minute books in which they shall enter all reports, orders and inspections made to and by them with the result thereof and their proceedings thereon, which books shall, at the expiration of their term of office and at least once in every three months, be turned over to the secretary of the Board who shall keep the same among the records of the Board.

Sec. 7. Said Board shall from time to time in their discretion, and at least once in each month, report to the City Council the condition of the public health of the city, the facts and recommendations in regard thereto or in regard to the operation of the Board as they may deem proper.

Sec. 8. The members of said Board shall serve without compensation, provided however that they shall be paid such actual necessary expenses incurred in the performance of their duties as the City Council may from time to time determine.

Sec. 9. All ordinances and parts of ordinances inconsistent herewith are hereby repealed and this ordinance shall take effect immediately.

Passed March 5, 1901.
A true copy. Witness:
WILLIAM G. STEVENS,
City Clerk.

OFFICE OF THE

CITY SEALER

—OF—

Weights & Measures.

CITY HALL, NEWPORT, R. I.,
March 1, 1901.

I hereby give notice as required by law, to all persons engaged in the trade of buying and selling, or as a public weigher, to bring in to the Sealer's Office within one month from the first day of April, 1901, all weights, measures and balances to be used in the trade, and to be adjusted and sealed.

An Act in Amendment of Chapter 107 of the General Laws, Passed February 24th, 1899.

Sec. 1. Every person engaged in the trade of buying and selling, or as a public weigher, who shall use or permit to be used for him, or have in his possession at his place of business, or upon any cart, wagon or other vehicle which is used by him in carrying on his business, or upon his person while engaged in his business, any weight, measure, balance, or scale of any kind, which shall have been duly sealed in conformity with the provisions of this chapter, and every such person, who after such sealing, shall use, balance or scale, or permit to be used for him, or have in his possession, as aforesaid, any weight, measure, balance or scale, which he has refused to allow to be examined and sealed by the sealer of weights and measures, or deputy sealer according to the provisions of this chapter, or who shall use, or permit to be used for him, or have in his possession, any spring balance having a sliding or adjustable face plate or index, or any scale not made of the shape or dimensions required by law, shall be fined the sum of twenty dollars for each offense, one-half of the fine to be paid to the town or city in which the offense shall have been committed, and one-half thereof to the complainant.

Sec. 2. This act shall take effect from and after its passage, and all acts and parts of acts inconsistent herewith are hereby repealed.

J. H. STACY,
City Sealer of Weights and Measures.

All measures, both dry and wet, must be brought to the Sealer's Office. Where it is not convenient for dealers to bring in their scales and weights, I shall call on them after the expiration of one month's notice as above.

Milliken will bring their measures to the City Hall during the month of April between 9 to 12 o'clock.

J. H. STACY, City Sealer.

35-16

Industrial Trust Co.,

Capital - - - - - \$1,200,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits 671,142.39

Newport Office, 303 Thames Street.

This company receives deposits subject to check at sight, and Pays Interest upon daily balances of \$300 and over.

CERTIFICATES OF DEPOSIT.

For sums of money that are to remain for a considerable length of time, Certificates of Deposit will be issued with interest as agreed upon.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT.

Moneys received on this account, which combines the advantages of Savings Banks, with Additional Security of the Capital Stock of this company. Quarters commence the 15th days of February, May, August and November. Deposits on or before the 15th of those months draw interest from the first. Dividends payable Feb. 16 and Aug. 16.

The Company has the largest capital of any banking institution in Rhode Island—20 per cent. of which is under the provisions of its charter deposited in approved securities with the State Treasurer.

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HENRY A. C. TAYLOR, ANGUS MCKID,
THOMAS P. PECKHAM, Manager, JEREMIAH W. HORTON,
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A MONEY-SAVING MONTH.

All short lines of Men's Suits have been
greatly reduced in prices for immediate sale.Some slow-selling lots are included in this
cut.

—The values thus presented are exceptional
for clothing of this quality.

\$7.50 SUITS reduced to \$5.00.

\$8.00 SUITS reduced to \$5.50.

\$9.00 SUITS reduced to \$5.50.

\$10.00 SUITS reduced to \$5.50.

\$18.00 RAGLANS reduced to \$12.00.

\$10.00 OVERCOATS reduced to \$5.50.

Newport One Price
Clothing Co.

Grand Spring Opening AT

SCHREIER'S Queen Anne Millinery Establish-
ment, 143 Thames Street.

Wednesday and Thursday,
MARCH 27th and 28th.

EXTRAORDINARY DISPLAY IN

Pattern Hats & Toques

and all the new novelties in

MILLINERY.

Ladies are respectfully invited to call on
above dates and inspect our selection.

Special attention given to
orders.

POPULAR PRICES THE RULE.

Newport and Fall River St. Ry. Co.

(ILLUMINATING DEPT.)

Electric Lighting. Electric Power.

Residences and Stores Furnished with

Electricity at lowest rates.

Electric Supplies. Fixtures and Shades.

449 to 455 THAMES STREET, NEWPORT, R. I.

Alpha Home Pudding,

THE LATEST THING OUT.

Scotch Oats, fresh

Smalley Fruit Jars,

NEW DESIGNS.

S. S. THOMPSON.

Selected Tale.

THE BAD MAN OF THE RANGE.

The Bad Man of the Range, he of the swaggar air, the fierce mustache and the big six-shooter, laughed derisively when told the name of the new town marshal.

"Don't see," he remarked in his superior manner, "why they didn't elect a baby or a suckin' calf while they wuz about it. Jest as well done that as to elect a little skin-milk gossin' like that feller they got."

Those who heard these words laughed. People always laugh at the funny sayings of a man in whose presence they stand with fear and trembling. They laugh even if his sayings are not very funny. Bad men are sensitive and they don't like to have their wit and humor slighted. People know this and are careful to avoid giving offense.

It was in Hixby's saloon in the little town of Roundup that the Bad Man was doing his talking. There was quite a crowd present, several bad ones among them, but there was none who presumed to divide honors with the original and only real Bad Man of the Range.

"I can run this town for five years," the Bad Man went on with an air of justifiable pride, "and if I can't, I'll keep on runnin' it 'till I want 'em to give me marshals that's worth while follerin' away my powder an' lead on. I don't want no little spindleshanked rooster that'll cry an' run home to tell its mother if you crook your finger at it. Not me."

The Bad Man glanced imploringly around over his listeners, and they made haste to show their approval of his sentiments, some murmuring their assent and the others merely looking it.

"In times past," the Bad Man resumed, "they had men for marshals in this town—fellars that would stand up and shoot an' be shot at. They wuz men that made business for the undertakers an' helped to start graveyards. That wuz some honor an' glory in cleanin' out even men as them, and I could do it without losin' my self-respect. But this new chap, Lord, it makes me sick to think of him! Shootin' 'im would be jest like shootin' a well-dressed dyin' calf."

The listeners all showed their sympathy for the Bad Man. It seemed such a cruel shame that one so bold and daring—a man who might carry repeatin' rifles stuck above his ears, and pick human bones out of his teeth with a bowie knife—should be compelled to put himself against a town marshal as little worthy of his steel. It was too bad.

"I come up to town to-day," the Bad Man continued in a little snarl, "to make a vacancy in the marshals' office, but I expected to find a man that'd interest me slightly an' sorter manage to keep me awake while I was fixin' him. That fellow though—there's no honor nor glory an' no interest in shootin' out his miserable little life. I'd lose my self-respect if I wuz to kill him, besides destryuin' my standin' in society. So I reckon I'll jest turn him across my knees an' spank him, then kick him out of town."

The crowd showed its hearty approval of this plan. It was ready always to approve anything the Bad Man said or did. It approved, not because it loved or respected him, but because it feared him. Even the other bad men, who claimed to have made creditable records as extinguishers of humanity, quaked and quailed before this terrible being who killed people merely for pastime and who had long since lost count of the number of his victims.

"Yes, sir, I'll jest fix him that way," the Bad Man repeated after inviting the crowd up to the bar to drink with him at Hixby's expense. "I'll turn him over my knees an' spank him an' then kick him out of town. That's all the attention I can afford to give a thing like that."

The name of the new marshal of Roundup was Dent. He was a pale-faced, delicate young chap from back East, and he had been but a short time on the western frontier, where cowboys and other festive and erratic characters are found.

His ways and manners were painfully quiet and unassuming when contrasted with those of the people about him, and his general appearance was not calculated to strike terror to the heart of anything larger and more formidable than a mouse. To look at him one would conclude that he would be the first to get away from a fight, if there was any chance to run, and failing in that would submissively turn the other cheek. He was just the kind of chap whom, if the bad man should deign to notice him at all, it would be only to the extent of slapping his face.

He was nominated for the office of town marshal as a joke, because he was thought to be the most timid man in Roundup, and the people, to the surprise of everybody, carried out the joke by electing him. When it was known that he had been elected it was taken for granted that he would decline to serve, but he did nothing of the kind. On the contrary, he accepted the trust reposed in him, and calmly announced his intention of discharging the duties of the office to the best of his ability.

They told him about the Bad Man, and how he had made life a burden to every man who had ever been marshal of the town; or more properly speaking, how he had made life a burden to all those to whom he had not made it a thing of the past. He listened quietly, smiled a far-away smile, and calmly replied that he would serve.

Then the Mayor took the matter in hand and talked to Dent seriously. He spoke in language more forcible than elegant.

"Dent, you're noblin' to me," he said, "an' if you're achin' to throw your life away an' air jest bound to do it, I guess I've got no kick comin' to Yit, for all that, I hate to see you act the fool. You won't last two minutes when the Bad Man comes to town. No marshal ever has, an' we've had marshals that were men—marshals whose fingers were not slow at pullin' a trigger an' who had done their part in helpin' on the coffin trade. Before the Bad Man you won't amount to as much as a grasshopper in a cattle stampede."

"Do you really think so?" Dent asked, innocently.

"Humph!" the Mayor snuffed impatiently. Then he added: "No, I don't think so. I know it."

"Well, I should be sorry to have trouble with the Bad Man," Dent said quietly, "and I hope I won't. Anyhow, I thank you for your kindness in warnin' me; but, really, since the people have elected me, I think I shall have to serve."

Then the Mayor washed his hands of the whole affair, and fell to wondering whether the new marshal had money enough to pay for his own funeral or whether it would have to be conducted at the expense of the town.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVEN.)

TOLD BY THE OLD PUGILIST.

"Ringin'" in the Old Days Before John L. Had Brought the System to Perfection.

"One winter, when things were rather slow in the city—it was just before John L.'s time"—said the old pugilist, according to the New York Sun, "we made up a little party and hired a hall in one of the fishing towns not far away. We advertised a prize of ten dollars for anyone who could stay on his feet against our men for five rounds. It was safe money, although when two or three of the beats came in at the same time we had all we could handle."

"But one night a fellow as big as the side of a house came along, and we smelled trouble. We put him up against the heaviest man in our party, who, though he only tipped the scales at 150 pounds, had two good hands and a head that you couldn't hurt with a pile-driver. But the stranger was no slouch, and at the end of the fourth round we began to worry about the trainer."

"The ring was on the stage at the front of the hall, and at the rear of the stage there were two windows. So I says to our man as I spanned his mouth: 'Work him over to one of the windows.'"

"It wasn't no easy job, but he did it before time was half up, and as the duffer backed up near the window he got a crack in the head from behind that dumped him in a heap. That's the way we saved our ten."

"But the funny part of it is that our champion had caught the local guy on the jaw the same moment and we could never persuade him that it wasn't himself that secured the knockout."

PRESERVING THE BIG TREES.

Efforts to Prevent the Destruction of the California Forests.

The women's clubs of this state are persevering in their efforts to save the Calaveras grove as a legacy to posterity. Mrs. Emma Shafter Howard has opened correspondence on the subject with many influential men in Washington. Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, suggests in a letter written on the subject that California ought to have intelligence and public spirit enough to save her wonderful trees, says the San Francisco Chronicle.

The suggestion is pertinent, but the nation as well as the state has an interest in their preservation. The senator adds that his state would not ask any help of the federal government if she had them, which is probably true; but Massachusetts has a larger permanent population and greater wealth than California, while the proximity of the grove to a national park in this state naturally suggests their union and their subsequent care under one patrol. Mr. Hoar promises, however, to aid the senators from this state in their efforts to secure favorable action by congress.

Another letter of special value on the subject has been received from the secretary of the American Forestry association, in which the cooperation of the women's clubs of California with that organization in all kindred projects to that of the preservation of Calaveras grove is cordially invited. In this letter there is a friendly intimation that heroes should supplant hysterics in the work of saving the forests of the country from destruction, and the hint will probably not be thrown away.

SHRINKAGE OF THE SUN.

An English Scientist Estimates That It Amounts to Six Inches a Day.

The usual Christmas course of lectures was begun at the Royal Institution by Sir Robert Ball. The sun, he pointed out, was the source of all the heat received by this earth, says the London Times. Now, it was a well-known fact that most things in cooling became smaller; a poker, for example, was shorter when it was cold than when it was red hot. The sun, too, must obey this fundamental law, and must therefore be getting smaller. If we could measure its diameter on two successive days we should find it had decreased by nine inches—that was to say, it was shrinking at the rate of, roughly, five feet a week, or a mile in every 20 years. In view of this shrinkage, some of the younger members of his audience might feel anxious lest the sun should not last their time. Such anxiety, however, was groundless; he was 860,000 miles in diameter, so it would take 40,000 years for him to be reduced by 3,000 miles to 857,000, and the lecturer was sure that if there were two suns in the sky, one 860,000 miles in diameter and the other 858,000, no one would be able to tell by looking at them which of the two was the smaller. But as the sun was shrinking nine inches every day, and had been doing so for ages, it followed that in the past he was very much greater than he is now. But he always had the same amount of material in him and weighed no heavier than at present; hence the inference was that he was once a huge mass of rarefied gas—a great, glowing nebula.

Cholera and Perfume.
The cholera repeatedly during the last century visited London and Paris, but at no time was there a death from that disease among the operatives of the perfume factories.

German Exhibition of Asses.
Germany has just held its first national exhibition of asses near Berlin. There were over 4,000 entries.

Payroll in London.
Over 1,000,000 pawn tickets for sums under ten shillings are issued weekly in London alone.

Going Into a New Business.
Every fellow who goes into a new business expects to hustle a little harder than the other fellow.—Washington (Pa.) Democrat.

Differing from Some People.
A bulldog bites first and barks afterward.—Chicago Daily News.

THE LANCE IN WARFARE.

At Present It Is Not Very Dangerous—Wounds Can Be Easily Cured.

When the war in the Transvaal broke out Dr. Frederick Schaller, a distinguished German army surgeon, obtained permission to accompany the British troops, his object being to ascertain to what extent the lance is effective as a weapon in war. During the campaign he devoted his entire attention to this subject, and now he has returned home and forwarded to his government an official report thereon.

In it he says that wounds caused by a lance are not dangerous and are easily cured, and that the reason is because the iron point of the weapon is round and therefore passes through the organs of the body without inflicting them to any great extent. "Being such a humane weapon," he points out, "the lance is by no means as valuable in war as is generally supposed. Nevertheless it can be made a dangerous weapon by merely changing the form of its point, and if the military authorities decide to retain it as a portion of the equipment of cavalry this should certainly be done."

This suggestion is exciting a good deal of comment in Europe. The Frankfort Gazette, apparently appalled at the thought of transforming a humane weapon into a cruel one, says sarcastically: "We propose that the point of the lance be made of such a shape that it will lacerate every organ in the body and render the cure of every wound utterly impossible. Furthermore, it will be well for the authorities to seriously consider the advisability of impregnating the point of the lance with some deadly poison."

BURIED HOUSES IN MEXICO.

Recent Discovery Made by Mormon Archaeologists in the Garcia Valley.

A dispatch from the City of Mexico, Mexico, says: The party of Mormon archaeologists and students who left Provo City, Utah, nearly a year ago on an overland trip to Valparaiso, Chili, have arrived here. They spent some time in the Garcia valley, in the state of Chihuahua, where they made some extensive excavations and explorations of ancient ruins which had never before been visited by archaeologists. Prof. Benjamin Cluff, who is in charge of the party, said: "We found a great number of mounds in the Garcia valley, the date of which is unknown. In the mounds which we excavated we found some well-built houses made of stone, well plastered and most of them having cement floors. The houses usually consisted of two to four rooms, though some of them were larger. The houses were always in groups or villages, never alone. The whole side of the mountain had evidently been under cultivation, and every ridge had a line of houses. In front at the side of each house we found a wall or terrace from one to six feet high, which had been leveled and used evidently as a garden spot. Down the hillsides and along ravines we found these terraces at regular intervals. They had apparently served as reservoirs for the valley below. In the houses we found crockery, stone implements and invariably charcoal. In a cave we found some scraps of excellent woolen cloth and also of flax or linen cloth. It is clear to us from our investigations that the cave dwellers and the mound dwellers were the same people."

AVERAGE MAN IS IMPORTANT.

On His Well-Being Depends the Progress of Every Civilized Nation.

The average man rules the nation, says Mme. Sarah Grand in the London Express. Elevate the individual and you make the nation great. It is a truism, but, like most truisms, will bear repetition.

"By contrasting the condition of countries in which the majority of the people are gagged and enslaved with that of countries in which wealth and freedom are more equally distributed we have learned the fact that it is not riches of the rich nor the poverty of the poor, but the position and the character and the conduct of your average mere man that gives its tone to a nation—the mere man who asks but to be allowed to live as a decent human being asks for a time of honorable toil, for a time of rest, for love and affection, for wife and children—for a life of dignity, an old age of pleasant memories, a happy death."

"When that is the honest ambition of the mere man of a nation that nation must be great. Given the condition of mere man, does he progress or is he downtrodden and oppressed and you have the condition of the nation and its place in the estimation of the world."

"This being the case, it is obvious that progress depends upon the elevation of the masses, and it is toward that end that all right thinking people in power will direct their energies in the days to come—that and universal federation, which shall make obsolete the retrograde power of patriotism, and result in peace on earth and good will among all nations."

Recipes for Grafting Wax.

The following recipes have been extensively used and are reliable: Hard wax; resin, four pounds; beeswax, one pound; half a pint or more of raw linseed oil, free from all cotton-seed oils or other adulterants. Melt all gradually together, turn into cool water, and pull until smooth. More oil can be used if too hard. Liquid wax: good white resin, one pound; beef tallow, one ounce. Melt and remove from the fire. Add gradually eight ounces of alcohol, stirring until mixture is smooth. Keep in closed bottles and apply with a brush when used.—Rural New Yorker.

Quaint Wedding Ceremony.
William Wombwell, aged 70, and Catherine Heley, aged 57, jumped over a broomstick at Cowle, near Doncaster, England, recently, and thereupon became according to Romany custom, man and wife.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

Iowa has 40 colleges, according to the last directory of educational affairs, issued by the superintendent of public instruction.

Rev. George W. Unkle, of Prospect Park, Pa., has preached there for 53 years and has always refused to accept pay for such service. Mr. Unkle has a little property and declares that having no need of a salary he should not accept it.

Several members of a church in Kutztown, Pa., having fallen far behind with their fair dues, the board of trustees has decided that in future the bell shall not be tolled for a funeral in any family which has not paid up its indebtedness and a year in advance besides.

Samuel Gurney, a Yale medical student, recently volunteered to go to Derby, Conn., and nurse a smallpox patient. He nursed the sick man back to comparative safety, and now an effort is being made to secure for him the humane society's medal in consideration of bravery.

The pope gave an audience of three-quarters of an hour recently to M. Eugene Wolff, who had just returned from an extensive tour through China. M. Wolff states that he was much impressed not only with the holy father's physical strength but with the clearness of mind which he displayed in listening to the story related to him.

Twenty-one prominent members of the Swedish Congregational church, Brockton, Mass., have been expelled from the church because they belonged to secret societies. The expulsion was the result of an order by the pastor, Rev. August Vohl. The action has created much bad feeling among the membership of the church, who take sides either with or against the pastor.

PAPER COLLECTORS.

An Odd and Interesting Pastime—Some of the Oldest Curiosities in Existence.

An odd but pleasant pastime is collecting paper. Not the printed page, but the raw material. There is almost no limit to the collections which can be made. Besides those used in writing, printing, engraving, chromo-lithography, and the like, are the types used for wrapping, wall papering, binding and magazine covering. There are paper mills in every civilized country, and in such semi-civilized ones as Corea, China, Burma, India, and even Egypt. Hundreds of methods are employed, and the list of crude materials is exceedingly long. It includes paper, cotton, linen, cotton and linen rags, hemp, woodpulp, wood-flour, straw, corn husks and stalks, bamboo and many numerous other vegetable fibers, says the New York Post.

The most durable paper is made by a guild near Nanking, in China, which supplies the government of that empire with the leaves for its official documents. This paper is made from young bamboo tips. It is soft, pliable, takes ink well, and seems indestructible. There are samples in collections which are over a thousand years old. The largest assortment of these Chinese papers is owned by an editor in Jersey City, who has nearly 300 different samples. Quite odd are the fireproof papers. Some of these are made of vegetable fiber impregnated with tungstate of soda. Others are made of fine asbestos or of asbestos mixed with fiber. These will pass through a fire unscathed. They have, however, one drawback. They will not preserve the ink used upon their surface. A sheet, handsomely printed, comes out of a fire snow white, and if a writing ink is made of any vegetable substance it shares the same fate. The strongest paper thus far produced is made of Manila hemp. A sheet of legal cap will sustain a weight of 300 pounds. Its fiber is so compact that a man of ordinary muscular power cannot tear it across. It is used for wills and legal documents. The finest paper is a linen fabric made in England. It is as light as tissue paper, and yet so strong that it will stand much wear.

The oldest printing papers belong to the United States. Some years ago an eccentric scientist published a book in which he endeavored to give the greatest possible relief to the eye of the reader. One page was printed with one size of type in black ink, a second with a different-sized type in brown ink; a third with blue ink, and a fourth with maroon ink. He applied the same principle to the texture of the paper of each page, which was coarse, medium, or fine, rough-finished, smoothly finished, calendered or supercalendered. The paper itself was also tinted in every hue which the publisher thought agreeable to look upon. The book was not a success, and the small edition which appeared is now treasured as one of the literary or typographic curiosities of the land.

Plowing by Alcohol Power.
Alcohol plow locomotives are now in use in Germany. The machine uses about a pint of alcohol an hour for one horse-power.

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Broadway, 9th & 10th Sts.,
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In effect November 1, 1900.

Leave
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THE BAD MAN OF THE RANGE.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIX.)

The Bad Man had scarcely announced to the crowd at Billy's saloon what his intentions were relative to the new marshal when that individual walked in. He had on his star, so the Bad Man recognized him at once. The crowd fell back a little and waited anxiously to see the fun begin. It would be quite a diversion—something out of the rut of mere killings—to see the new marshal spunked.

The Bad Man drew his pistol, and, assuming his fiercest mien, glared at Dent with a vicious look that was calculated to blast him. Dent stood quietly watching the Bad Man, a gentle smile lighting his thin, pale face.

"So you're the new marshal, are you?" the Bad Man thundered in tones that almost shook the building.

"I have that honor, sir," Dent replied, sweetly. "Is there anything I can do for you?"

The Bad Man scowled darkly—so darkly as to apparently cast a shadow over the room. "No, but there's something I can do for you," he answered. "Something I'm going to do in about a minute."

"Indeed! Well, I'm much obliged to you, I'm sure," Dent said in his suave, polite way. "It's very kind of you, since I'm a total stranger. May I inquire the nature of the favor you propose to do me?"

The Bad Man leaned against the bar and indulged in a cold, derisive laugh. The crowd of course joined in with him. Anything the Bad Man did was very funny.

"I don't guess you need to inquire," he replied, "for I reckon you'll find out soon enough without."

"Yes, but really, I should like to know," Dent insisted.

"Would you? Then maybe I might as well tell you," the Bad Man said.

"If you wish with it I'd shoot you, but as you ain't 'I'm going to turn you over my knees and spank you, then kick you out of town."

"Really?"

"Yes, really."

"But I don't think you ought to do that, don't you know?"

"Then mean you don't think alike, that's all. I think I do."

"I presume then it is a mere difference of opinion. Very able minds often differ. No doubt you have observed as much. But, really, now, I do not think you should treat me in that manner. It would be quite unpleasant for me, don't you know?"

"Rather so, I guess," the Bad Man replied coolly. "Reckon you won't find it as pleasant as either preaches or cream, nor some other things I might mention. But for all that it's got to be done, don't you know?"

"But, my dear sir, surely you—" so far Dent spoke humbly and submissively; then his eyes opened wide and his face taking on an expression of horror he added in sharp, incisive tones: "Look out there behind you, quick!"

The Bad Man, alarmed at these words, whirled around—and saw nothing. With an oath he turned back—and saw something he wasn't expecting. To his surprise he found himself looking straight into the muzzle of a pistol held steadily by the hand of the new marshal.

The Bad Man's eyes opened and his lower jaw dropped. He crunched as close to the bar as he could get. He seemed to have nothing to say just then, and the marshal, too, remained silent for the moment. The crowd hesitated, feeling that the time for paying homage to the Bad Man was passing, but not yet quite sure that it was safe to transfer its homage to the marshal.

"But, as I started to remark, my dear sir," Dent resumed calmly, "surely you have no reason to trouble yourself on my account to the extent you proposed; so I think I shall have to decline your kind invitation. I do not wish to appear ungrateful, but under the circumstances I believe you must see for yourself that it would be better for you to forego the pleasure of showing me the favor you contemplated. I hardly think you will do me the honor of spanking me today."

The Bad Man was not so sure of that himself now. Nevertheless he made a movement to raise his pistol, but the marshal promptly put a stop to that.

"Just place your guns on the bar," he said, "and then stand away from them."

The Bad Man, after one look at the threatening pistol barrel and the stern, pale face behind it, submissively obeyed.

"You should remove your hat when in the company of gentlemen," Dent went on, "and as you have failed to do so I'll remove it for you."

With that he shot the Bad Man's hat from his head. "Then he added: 'I see a fly on one of your ears. Allow me to remove it.'

There was another pistol report, and the Bad Man felt a burning sensation along the rim of his ear.

"Oh, no thanks, at all," Dent said. "It is really a pleasure, I assure you. Ah! I see you have a small hole on the side of your face there. Permit me to open it for you. It really needs attention." There was another crack of the pistol; then Dent added: "There, the hole will bother you no more. My dear sir, is there any little favor I could render you? Don't hesitate to mention it if there is, for you are quite welcome to these trifling attentions. Quite welcome, I assure you."

The Bad Man, with his form as limp as a rag and his eyes hanging out, managed to gasp: "For God's sake, don't kill me."

"No? Well, I won't. If you were worth it I might, but as you're not I'll merely spank you and then kick you out of town. I'll show that I can appreciate a kind intention by rendering you the favor you proposed to show me."

There was a whiskey barrel lying at one side of the room, with some empty boxes near it. Pointing to the barrel, Dent said to the Bad Man, in tones so gentle as to be almost kind:

"Will you please do me the kindness to lay yourself over that barrel with your face downward? I will not detain you longer than I can help."

The Bad Man hesitated, but Dent was insistent. Leveling his pistol straight at the Bad Man's head he said:

"I hope you are not going to refuse me so small a service. I really think you would better grant my trifling request."

The Bad Man looked at the pistol; then at Dent, and finally concluded that it would be better. So he walked over to the barrel, though there was an air of reluctance in his movement and with not the very best grace in the world, stretched himself across it with his head hanging down on one side and his feet on the other.

Then Dent, keeping his pistol in range with the Bad Man's head, took up a piece of pine-box lid about three feet long and five or six inches wide. Next he stepped back until he had gained exactly the right position to make his efforts the most effective.

Then with a bow and a polite "Permit me," he began to bestow upon the Bad Man one of the warmest favors he had ever received in all his life.

Once the Bad Man looked up at the crowd appealingly, hoping it might come to his aid in the hour of his dire extremity, but the crowd realized that he was a fallen hero; so it had no aid and no sympathy, even, to waste on him, and all he got from it was a cold, unfeeling horse laugh that made his heart sick. Thus does the rabble turn upon the mighty in the hour when the mighty falls.

Dent laid on with the pine board until it was in splinters, then securing another he wielded it as long as there was a piece of it large enough to wield. He kept this up until his arm ached, and he was breathless from violent exertion.

Then he took the Bad Man by the collar and jerked him to his feet, and, holding him so, marched him out of the saloon, dealing him a kick, first with one foot and then the other, at every step. This he continued for three blocks down the street, and then, completely exhausted, he let the Bad Man go.

And the Bad Man went. He went immediately, he went spiritually, and he went straightforward, with his eyes fixed to the front and with not one look backward. So far as Round-up knows he is going yet, for from that day to this he has never been seen nor even heard of by any one in that town.

The new marshal thought he rather enjoyed his position, so he served out his term, but at the next election he declined to be a candidate again. The duties of the office had become so tiresome to him that he had become as tame as to be monotonous and irksome and he advised the election of some other man who liked a quiet, peaceful life.—Leslie's Weekly.

English Language.

Among the scattered millions who now employ our common speech in England itself, in Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, in the United States and Canada, in India and in Australia, in Egypt and in South Africa, says Brander Matthews, in Scribner's, there is no stronger bond of union than the language itself.

A certain unity of sentiment may show itself now and again; but there is no likelihood that any political association will ever be achieved. The fact that fastens the more independent colonies to the mother country is loose enough now, even if it is never further relaxed; and less than half of those who have English for their mother-tongue owe any allegiance whatever to England.

The English-speaking inhabitants of the British Empire are apparently fewer than the inhabitants of the American republic; and the population of the United Kingdom itself is only a little more than half the population of the United States.

To set down these facts is to point out that the English language is no longer a personal possession of the people of England. The power of the head of the British Empire over what used to be called "the Queen's English" is now as little recognized as her power over what used to be called "the King's Evil."

We may regret that this is the case or we may rejoice at it; but we cannot well deny the fact itself. And thus we are face to face with more than one very interesting question. What is going to become of the language now? Is it thus dispersed abroad and freed from all control by a central authority and exposed to all sorts of alien influences? Is it bound to become corrupted and sink from its high estate into a mire of slang and into a welter of barbaresc fashioning verbal novelties? What, more especially, is going to be the future of the English language here in America? Must we fear the dream on the part of the speech of the people on the opposite sides of the Atlantic, which language will divide into two branches, those who speak British, being hardly able to understand those who speak American, and those who speak American being hardly able to understand those who speak British?

China and the United States.

Looking at the mere question of interest, policy is on the side of morals and humanity. The United States will be in a position, should she assist in bringing about a satisfactory settlement, to open an almost unlimited future for her trade in China. Of all the powers, her moral and political conduct throughout this affair shines brilliantly. And the Chinese know it. Why, in October, while Marshal von Waldersee was conducting the ludicrous Pao-tung-fu campaign, and bravely making for non-combatants; while from Hongkong and Shanghai dire fears of an uprising of all China were given currency and credence by the credulous; while the English press printed in China was assuring the world that the great mass of the Chinese still believed that the allies had been routed by the Imperial troops before the walls of Peking; at that very time a special commissioner for the United States and a number of American naval officers were being banqueted by a Viceroy in Hankow, a thousand miles from the coast, in the very heart of the Yangtze valley. At the table, where sat more than thirty "top-side" Chinese, all men of great influence in the commercial and political life of the empire, reference was made by one of them, in an after-dinner speech in English, to the conduct of the United States as contrasted with that of other powers. The speaker cited many facts which showed perfect knowledge of the situation, and particularly referred to the refusal of Admiral Kempf to participate in the bombardment of the Taku forts, and expressed the hope that the restoration of peace would lead to closer commercial relations between China and America. The shortest hand of China of any of the trade rivals, and with such good-will to aid, does not manage to secure a superior footing in the Far East, it will be her own fault.—Scribner's Magazine.

"I suppose you sometimes find it a trifle lonely out in your suburbs?"

"Lonely? Why we all run to the window when a dog goes by."—Chicago Record.

Collector—I can't keep coming here every day about this bill.

Harmon—Well, I hope you've struck a job that pays you better.—Smart Set.

The first thing a man does after he is established in a public office is to call for help.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Patient—The other doctor said it was merely a sprain.

Doctor—Well, that's one way to reduce a fracture.—Detroit Journal.

Adam, Come, Eve, we have to go out of the garden.

Eve—I really can't go out now, for I haven't a thing to wear.

He Stuck To The Flag.

They tell a story, a true, unvarnished story, of him that touches the patriotic chord of every man in the navy who happens to hear it for the first time.

The civil war had just broken out, when brother was to meet brother and fathers shouldered their muskets to kill sons.

The Niagara had just come home from the Asiatic station, proud and as impregnable in those days as the tower of the Parthenon is today. Getting into soundings, the boys heard the news, the sad news that threatened to divide a union, the grandest and greatest that God had ever blessed and that men had ever fostered. The word came up in the usual way that had news travels, and shipmates of many days looked at one another, shook their heads and said: "You are a southerner, Jack. I can't fight you!"

"And you, Bill, are a northerner. I'd be a dog to fight you?"

That was the spirit and they the men. The South called for patriots and hands went to the gun butts. But it was hard to ask these of the Niagara, North as well as South, to draw arms against one another. Military laws recognize no other laws where military laws rule, and it just had come to the moment when the captain of the ship had to ask how many of his old shipmates and friends were to stand by the old flag. He called his officers together and as they gathered about the long, old-fashioned table in the old wardroom he said to them, his voice trembling with expectancy with every word:

"Gentlemen, this question of the civil war is the parting of the ways. Some of us will never meet again and some of us will die doing what we believe to be right. Uncle Sam has educated, fed and clothed us, and we have sworn to stand by him. Yet no oath can bind a man beyond the strength of his conscience, and changed conditions make a changed man. On that table I have written out the dear oath of allegiance. I have signed it. I stay by the flag. Let each of you go to his cabin and think it over; then let him come back here and sign below me or let him go his way in peace."

Then they went away, white faced and undetermined. A half hour passed before the first man came back to put his name to the paper that meant that Uncle Sam could have not only his sword but his life if needed. Then others followed until nine names appeared under that of the commanding officer. The others had gone, gone to the South that claimed persons, just as the North was doing. As the ninth man appended his signature to the document the captain came into the cabin, picked up the paper and shook his head. The name he looked for was not there. He dropped the paper and turned to go away, when he heard a heavy, determined foot coming down the companionway. It seemed to him that he recognized that foot. Yes, he was right.

A young, handsome, tall midshipman from Maryland approached the table and the captain's voice faltered as he asked:

"Whinnie, do you sign?"

"Aye, aye, sir. Same flag and same Uncle Sam in Maryland as in Massachusetts, you know."

"God bless you, boy," said the captain. "Your father and I fought side by side as lads in 1812, and while there are some of us who are going away, I prayed God that your father's son would stick to us."

The midshipman? Go ask Winfield Scott. He stuck to the flag when others didn't.—Mail and Express.

The Girl and the Portrait.

Doctors disagree as to the influence of heredity. Some hold that a great deal hinges upon it; others believe the contrary. Some of the authentic stories told to exemplify this mysterious bond between ancestors and descendants, says the N. Y. Sun, are very curious.

There was a loan collection of old portraits exhibited in London lately and a young girl was among the visitors. She was an orphan and wealthy, but without near relatives and was often heard to complain of the loneliness of her position.

As she passed through the gallery one particular portrait attracted her attention, and she went back to it more than once. Her companion saw in it nothing but the commonplace painting of a middle-aged man in the costume of the latter part of the last century.

"It is such a nice kind face," said the girl, rather wistfully. "I imagine my father might have looked like that had he lived."

As most of the pictures were ticketed the visitors had purchased no catalogue, but, before going away, Miss B. bought one at the entrance and made a last visit to the portrait for which she had felt so strong an attraction. To her astonishment she found her own name opposite to its number, and learned on inquiry that the original was one of her direct ancestors.

Another odd coincidence or psychological phenomenon happened a few years ago to a Southern statesman and financier, whose family has always been of rank in his native state. This gentleman was overhauling old documents and letters which had been stored in a musty chest for years and intended to publish whatever might be of historic value and interest.

To his surprise he unfolded a letter, yellow and time-stained, which was written in his own peculiar handwriting, or seemed to have been written by him, although the date was two generations before his birth. The signature of the surname, which was the same as his own, was so markedly characteristic that he could not but believe his own hand did not pen the letters. So it sometimes happens that handwriting as well as features and character is handed down in families.

Mr. Frost (looking up from his paper)—What are you chuckling at, Maria?

Mrs. Frost—I was thinking of the time when you proposed. You told me to say one little word that would make you happy for life.

Mr. Frost—Yes, I remember. And you went and said the wrong word.—London Fun.

"Ever notice," asked the confused philosopher, "that when a man wants to make you think he is speaking from the bottom of his heart he speaks at the top of his voice?"—Indianapolis Press.

"Haven't you got through yet?" asked the impatient customer.

"Pretty near," answered the boot-black, polishing away with all his might. "I kin see my finish."—Chicago Tribune.

Pocket Map of China.

Latest indexed map of Chinese Empire, with enlarged map of portion of China where difficulty exists, and other valuable information relating to present crisis. Copy mailed on receipt of two cents in postage, by W. B. Kniskern, 22 Fifth Ave., Chicago, Ill. 3-6w

Women's Dep't.

The Elastic Yard Stick.

Opponents of equal suffrage have made a wonderful invention—an elastic yardstick. By a judicious use of it, they propose to prevent women from voting. Whenever any woman does an unwise thing, they charge it against the whole body of women, and gravely affirm that all women are unfit to vote.

A few days ago one of the daughters of the American Revolution, in a contested election, lost their temper and got into a verbal scrimmage, which was telegraphed from Maine to Mexico as an evidence of women's unfitness for self-government. The Boston Daily Herald, in a leading editorial, said:

"The Washington action does not render it probable that women with full suffrage rights would be a success in public affairs."

Yet, the same day the Herald recorded the fact that a number of Irish members of Parliament refused to obey the authority of the Speaker, and had to be forcibly removed by a squad of policemen. Whereupon the Herald remarks that:

"The rumpus may be taken as proof that the Irish factions are even more thoroughly united than was supposed, and are starting out to follow the tactics followed by their great Parliamentary leader, Parnell."

The editor ventures audaciously to question, however, "as to what can be gained in the long run by following such a policy." There is the elastic yardstick applied respectively to the Irishman and woman. The Herald thus not propose to disfranchise all Irishmen.

That very day the Herald chronicled an assault committed by Senator J. H. Geiger, of Montana, upon A. B. Keitt.

Last night the men met in the lobby of the Senate chamber at the close of the extra session. Geiger rushed at Keitt, who struck him a heavy blow on the forehead with a loaded cane. The Senator was stunned. Before he recovered Keitt had walked away. Senator Geiger is now searching for Keitt with a revolver, having threatened to kill him on sight. A shooting affair is regarded as certain when they meet.

But the editor does not suggest the disfranchisement of all the men of Montana, not even of the Montana Senator. Again the elastic yardstick.

Five days before, "a fierce fistfight" was chronicled between the German and Czech deputies in the Austrian Reichsrath.

A Pan-German, named Stum, attempted to chastise a Czech named Frel, whereupon the Radical Czechs surrounded him. Stum's friends rushed to his rescue, and the various groups became mixed up in a free fight, during which the president's bell and voice were drowned in the uproar. Eventually, the president succeeded in making it known that the session was suspended. Before the house could be cleared, however, the rival members again clinched and fierce blows were exchanged.

But nobody suggests that all Germans and Czechs should be forever disfranchised.

Mrs. Nation enforces Kansas law by smothering illegal saloons. She is cited as an awful example of "women in politics." But no one has proposed to disfranchise the illegal liquor dealers, or the county officials who refuse to enforce the laws of Kansas. It is another case of the elastic yardstick, always used to the disadvantage of women.—Henry B. Blackwell.

"Useless in An Emergency."

Last week an equal suffrage debate was held in one of Boston's suburban towns. The anti-suffragists urged as usual that women are weak and dependent, and hence unfit to have the ballot. One speaker declared that "women are helpless and useless in an emergency." He illustrated this idea with pictures constructed by his own imagination.

An emergency arose sooner than any one expected. At an early hour, the morning after this debate, it was discovered that the house of one of the anti-suffrage speakers was on fire.

The town fire department hurried out and all hands were soon busy drenching the house, inside and out, with water, and incidentally dampening the fire. Other persons also arrived; among them a score or so of college girls who lived in a college hall near by. According to all the theories, these women students ought to have stood on the opposite side of the street, passive and useless spectators.

Instead of that they dashed into the burning house and rendered no small aid in getting things out. They seemed to know better than the men and boys did where to take hold and how to do the work. As a result of their coolness and good sense, books, pictures and bric-a-brac were rescued without that smashing which is almost as bad as a fire itself. Clothing, bedding, dishes and rugs were taken to places of safety. Several girls younger than the students went down cellar and brought out the canned fruit. One of them thought the step-ladder ought to be saved—"It would be needed!"—so up she went with it, and it was needed immediately in taking down pictures.

At last the upper story was a wreck, a portion of the roof destroyed, the interior drenched with water; but the goods were out. The occupants of the house testify to the coolness, skill and despatch of the young women who came to the rescue.

Considering such incidents as this—and they are happening every day—is it not time for anti-suffragists to drop the insane slander that "women are useless in an emergency?"

The Outcasts: A Tale of the Northwest.

Mr. W. A. Fraser, author of Mooswa and Others, has just written for early publication in "The Saturday Evening Post" a short, stirring serial, entitled The Outcasts. The Outcasts are an old buffalo and a wolf-dog, and the greater part of the story is about the strange comradeship and striking adventures of these companions, and their pilgrimage, in company, to the distant plains of deep grass, of which the wolf-dog knew. There are action, and strength of word and phrase in the story, and the touch of the soil and the music and charm and solemnity of the forest. The rush of the frenzied buffalo herd to death is told with splendid dramatic power. The plan of the book is a unique conception, and it is worked out on novel and entertaining lines.

"Do you think bachelors ought to be taxed?" asked Willie Washington.

"No," answered Miss Cynne. "I think the girls ought to make up purses and pay them bounties for not making homes unhappy."—Washington Star.

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Chas. H. Fletcher.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 27 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

Russia Does Large Business.

"The Russian State," says Henry Norman in Scribner's, "is by far the greatest economic unit on the face of the globe." To twenty-nine readers out of a hundred, this statement will doubtless be startling. It certainly was to me, when I first met with it, yet the facts to justify it are not far to seek.

The Russian State draws an annual net profit of 45,000,000 roubles from its forests, mines, and agricultural properties. It receives annually \$9,000,000 from the use of land it ceded to or purchased for them. It is building by far the longest and most costly railway in the world, and it owns and works over 20,000 miles of railways, the net revenue of which is equal to one-seventh of the net revenue of all the railways of the United States.

In 1895 it received 218,000,000 in its coffers, nearly one-half of which sum was not produced by taxation. Its budget is greater than that of France by more than \$300,000,000.

In 1890, when one of the banks of London was unable to meet its obligations, the Russian Government had with it on current account a balance of so many millions of pounds that when the Bank of England came to the rescue a request was immediately made to Russia not to dispose of her balance before a certain date, since to do so would be to precipitate a financial crisis of the utmost gravity. Finally, besides being a capitalist and a banker of this magnitude, the Russian State is also a metalurgist and a spirit-merchant. In a word, the proud claim is made for it that it is the greatest landowner, the greatest capitalist, the greatest constructor of railways, and carries on the largest business in the world.

The Place to Wash Him.

On one occasion an M. P. of a past generation not noted for his habits of personal tidiness was visiting a seaside place, and one day while out in a boat with a sailing party he was swept overboard, but was happily rescued. When the excitement was over, a young fellow rushed down to the cabin.

"He's gone," he exclaimed, "we've been having such an exciting time on deck!"

"What is it?" asked everybody.

"Mr. Blank was washed overboard."

"I'm glad of it," snapped a fastidious matron.

"Everybody was horrified."

"Well, I am," she explained. "Just think of that man being washed on board!"—London Answers.

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is known to have saved many a life. It cures whooping cough, it gives immediate relief and should be kept in every home. For coughs and colds it is the best. It only costs 25 cents a bottle.

"Did you read my latest novel, entitled 'A Terrible Experience'?" asked the novelist. "Yes," answered the blithely candid friend, "and that's what it was."

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The GARDINER B. REYNOLDS CO.,
Opposite Post Office, and Sherman's Wharf.
Assistance Given to Farmers in Loading.

Conditions consequent upon the death of the senior member of this firm have necessitated the immediate sale of its immense stock of Furniture and Housefurnishing Goods. The same wind that has blown misfortune to us has blown the ship of good luck to your very doors. Not one of you that isn't this very minute planning for a new carpet or two, or a piece of furniture, or something or other that this big store now finds itself obliged to sacrifice on. It seems a pity, but the goods must be sold—that's the story in a nut-shell and every dollar's worth of goods in this stock has been priced for this sale without a thought of the cost, but with the one determination to sell.

The following enumeration of articles, picked at random, will serve as a hint of the many dollar-saving possibilities this sacrifice sale offers.

Parlor Furniture.

		Former Price.	Salo- Price.
1	5-piece Suit, hairtop, covered with damask,	\$85.00	\$72.00
1	5-piece " " " " "	70.00	55.00
1	5-piece " " " " "	68.00	50.00
1	5-piece " Turkish, " " corduroy,	68.00	48.00
1	5-piece " covered with figured velour,	55.00	40.00
1	5-piece " tapestry,	28.00	19.00
1	3-piece " covered with velour,	49.00	33.50

Davenport Sofa Bed, in velour,
Turkish Rockers in plush,
Sleeping Chair in corduroy,
A few Parlor Chairs, from nearly 200,

1	Handsome frame, velvet seat,	7.50	3.75
3	Reception Chairs, " " "	6.50	3.08
1	" " " "	7.25	3.75
1	" " " "	4.50	1.50
1	" " " "	8.50	3.75
1	" " " "	5.50	2.25
1	White Enamel Rocker, damask,	12.00	5.00
3	" and gold, " "	6.00	3.50
1	Mahogany finished Rocker, with marquetric back,	9.00	5.00

" " " with upholstered seat and		
" back,	" " " "	10.00 5.75
" back,	" " " "	12.00 6.00
Upholstered Arm Chair, all hair corduroy cover,		35.00 12.00
" " " velour "		28.00 18.00
Oak Platform Rocker, plush covering,		17.50 9.00
Mahogany Finished Rocker, upholstered,		7.50 3.50
" Morris Chair Frames,		10.00 5.50
Lot heavy oak " " clawfeet,		7.50 6.75
" " " " roll arms,		5.00 4.00
" " " " clawfeet,		5.00 3.75
Oak Morris Chair Frame,		2.50 2.25

PARLOR and MUSIC CABINETS.			
1	Solid Mahogany Parlor Cabinet,	27.00	14.00
1	Imitation " Music "	15.00	7.00
1	" " " "	9.50	4.75
1	" " " "	8.00	4.50
1	" " " "	3.00	4.25
1	" " " "	6.00	4.00

CHAIRS:

PARLOR TABLES.		
2	Mahogany Tables,	7.50
1	" "	7.50
1	" "	12.00
1	Veneer Marten Table,	7.50
1	Imitation Mahogany Table,	6.00
1	" " "	6.00
1	" " "	4.50
1	" " "	4.50
1	" " "	3.25
2	Oak Tables,	7.50

CHINA- CLOSETS,

1	oak straight front,	\$15.00	\$10.00	1	" " 20x54	26.00
1	" " " "	12.00	12.00	1	revolv. book case,	14.00
1	" " curved ends,	22.00	13.50	1	comb. desk & book case,	25.00
1	" " swell front,	21.00	13.00	1	mahogany " "	25.00
1	" " corner closet,	16.00	12.00	1	birch " " "	25.00
				1	oak " " "	24.00
				1	" " " "	23.00
				1	" " " "	24.00
				1	birch " " "	15.00
						16.00
DESKS.						
1	bird's eye maple,	\$ 6.00	\$ 4.50			
1	" " " "	7.50	4.50			
2	oak, polished,	10.00	6.50			
1	hm. mhg,	10.50	6.50			
1	" " " "	8.00	6.00			
1	oak, 3 drawers,	12.00	8.00			
2	bird's eye maple,	14.00	9.00			

A. C. TITUS CO., 225-229 Thames Street, **Newport, R. I.**

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed:—
1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. Titles, names and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all queries as brief as is consistent with clearness. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Titles of contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and his signature.

Hon. Josiah Winslow
Governor of New Plymouth

The following is from the New Eng.

nister, of Boston; 2, Elizabeth, born October 20, 1721; 3, Penelope, born May 22, 1724.

He and his wife were living May 17, 1738, when they signed a deed to John Bannister.

Thomas Pellham, son of Captain Edward, had a wife Abigail in 1718. Is it not possible that he was the father of Thomas Pellham, of Boston? There was a Penelope in that family.

The following is from Page 413, Vol. 2, Harvard Catalogue: Edward Pellham born 1633, Harvard College 1653 who died 1730, aged 77 years. A wild spendthrift at college, full of pranks. His father in law placed his property in the hands of his son-in-law, Governor Josiah Winslow, to be given to him only should he mend his ways.

This Edward Pellham married two daughters of Benedict Arnold, Frederick and Goddard, and begot by his wife

N. Y., in 1812 bought portrait of Hamilton, of Col. Godfrey Bosville, whose daughter married first, Roger Marbakenen, and second, 1738, Herbert Pelham, also a portrait of Queen Henrietta Marie, by Van Dyke, copied by Stone.

It is at this point that I want to call attention to this fact. There is a pretty Episcopal Chapel and parsonage called Bolton Priory at Pelhamville, just west of New Rochelle, N. Y., next land to Pelham Bay Park, New York city. There are two questions of interest to Newport history at this point. I have generally assumed that the name of Pelhamville came from the Pell family, ancient residents here. The Pell house yet stands. But Pell is not Pelham, hardly more so, nor can it be made so. When I saw the purchase of these family pictures, it struck me at once that the Boltons of Bolton Priory must

Dyed Dec. 18, 1890
 ag. 52."
 "Penelope ye widow of
 Governor Winslow
 Dyed Dec. ye 9th 1703,
 ae 73."
 Another account of Pelham Family
 Edward Pelham, of Hastings, Eng.

The following is from the New England Genealogical and Historical Register, Vol. 26, 1872. Herbert Pelham's mother was Penelope West, daughter of Lord De La Warr. His sister Penelope married Governor Bellingham. His daughter Penelope married Governor Josiah Winslow, of Plymouth. His grandson had a daughter Penelope.

Edward Pelham, Jr., married in Newport, March 14, 1717-18, Arabella Williams, and had: 1, Hermione, born December 3, 1718, married John Bau-

and left property by will to two daughters by wife Arabella, namely, Hermana, who married John Bannister, and Penelope, who married John Crossley of Wolverhampton, Eng..
Robert Bolton, of Westchester County

Now why, unless descendants of Pelham family? Hence, if so, the name of Pelhamville and Pelham Bay Park which seems to me more reasonable than to come from the Pell family.